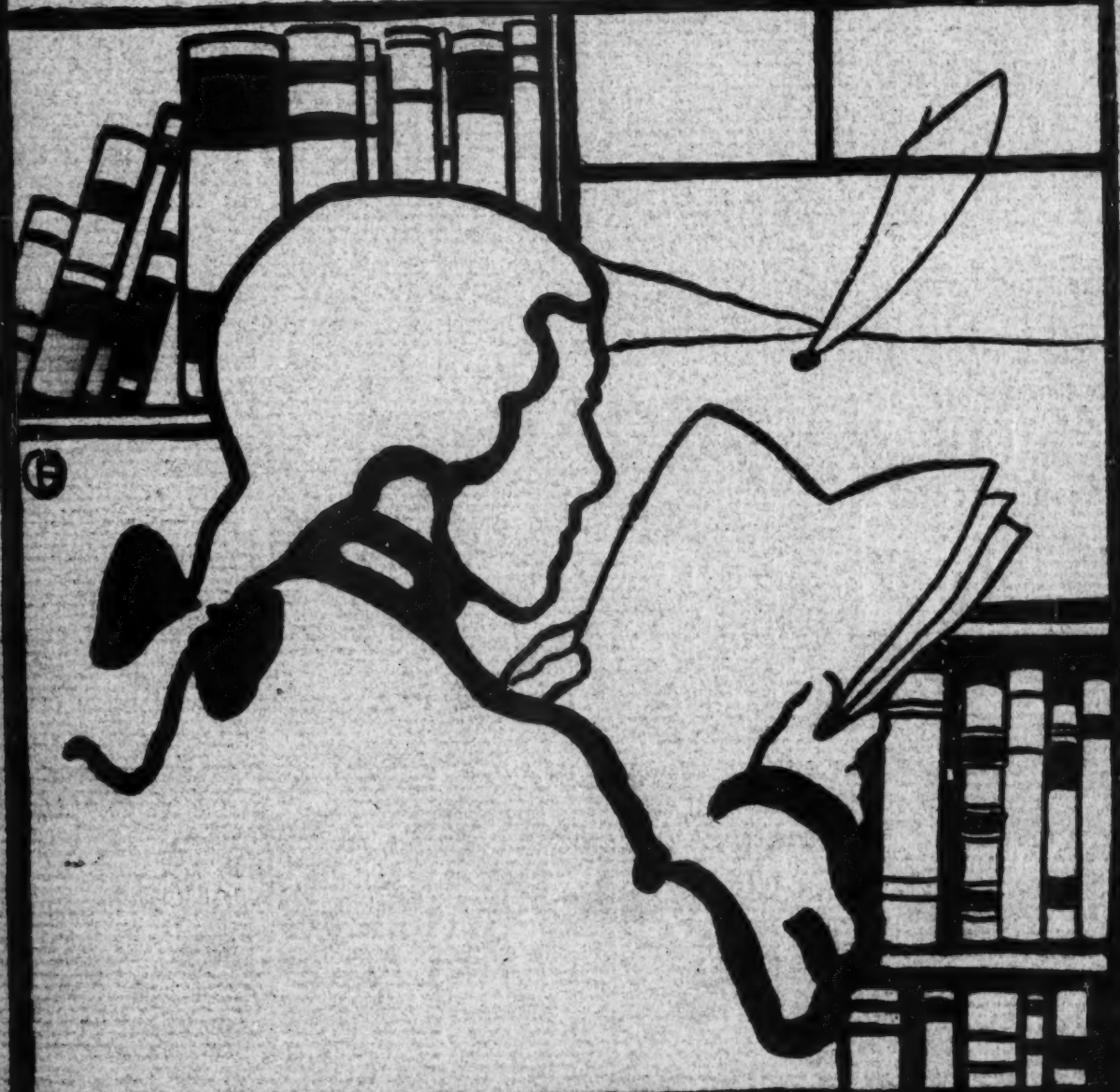


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The Literary Week.

OWING to the death of Sir Walter Besant, and to the necessity of making fresh arrangements for the publication of the *Author*, that periodical will not be published in August and September. To the current number, which appears in black borders, Mr. George Meredith, President of the Society of Authors, sends the following appreciation of the late Editor of the *Author*:

Our society has to sustain a heavy blow in the death of Sir Walter Besant; and although vitality breathes from a bright example, such a loss may well seem to us at the moment irreparable. It is hard to speak of him within measure when we consider his devotion to the cause of authors, and the constant good service rendered by him to their material interests. In this he was a valorous, alert, persistent advocate, and it will not be denied by his opponents that he was always urbane, his object being simply to establish a system of fair dealing between the sagacious publishers of books and the inexperienced, often heedless, producers. How unselfishly, with how pure a generosity he gave his valuable time to the previously neglected office of adviser to the more youthful of his profession, may be estimated by a review of his memorable labours in other fields. They were vast and toilsome, yet he never missed an occasion for acting as the young author's voluntary friend in the least sentimental and most sensible manner. He had no thought of trouble or personal loss where the welfare of his fellow-workers was concerned. We have lost in him the very beating heart of our society, and it is by holding his name in grateful remembrance that we may best hope to have something of his energies remaining with us.

MR. ALFRED SUTRO has been engaged this week in contradicting certain ridiculous rumours, originating in America, in regard to the health of M. Maeterlinck. One was that he had gone into a Retreat in consequence of his mind being affected. We have Mr. Sutro's authority for stating that M. Maeterlinck is in the enjoyment of excellent health.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING's *Kim*, which is appearing serially in *Cassell's Magazine*, will be published in the autumn. The first English edition will consist of 50,000 copies.

THE Bishop of Winchester has issued a circular letter appealing for donations to the proposed memorial to Miss Charlotte M. Yonge. It has been decided that some suitable memorial shall be placed in the village church of Otterbourne, in which Miss Yonge daily worshipped; and further, that in the Cathedral of Winchester, with which her name will always be associated, visitors shall be "appropriately reminded of an authoress whose books are known and loved by thousands both in England and in America." The exact form of the memorial in the cathedral must partly depend upon the money forthcoming in response to this

appeal. A carved oak reredos in the restored Lady Chapel, or a stained-glass window near to that which commemorates Jane Austen, has been suggested as appropriate. Donations may be sent to Messrs. Prescott, Dimsdale and Co.'s Bank, Winchester.

MR. R. L. STEVENSON, in a letter from Samoa, in September, 1894, to his cousin, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, in Edinburgh, wrote: "Tell some of your journalistic friends with a good style to popularise old Skene; or say your prayers, and read him for yourself. He was a great historian, and I was his blessed clerk and did not know it, and you will not be in a state of grace about the Picts till you have studied him." Mr. Eneas Mackay, of Stirling, announces a new edition of Skene's *Highlanders of Scotland*. The first edition is out of print, and very scarce.

MR. JOHN P. YOUNG, managing editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, has sent to the *Times* the following communication with reference to an article in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for June, called "An Unpublished Chapter in the Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," written by Mr. H. W. Bell:

The part of Mr. Bell's article regarding which I am able to speak with positiveness is that in which he states with some circumstantiality that Robert Louis Stevenson, late in December, 1879, arrived in San Francisco, and in the spring of the following year was "given a job" in the city department of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, which he performed in such an unsatisfactory manner that the item he was assigned to write had to be given to another reporter to put into English suitable to the readers of the paper and the latitude of California; and that later "he continued to write articles for the Sunday edition of the *Chronicle*, but there is no indication that he thought affectionately of them, for he never rescued them from the files." Both these statements are absolutely false. I was managing editor of the *Chronicle* at the time, and personally knew every reporter, whether on the regular staff or doing merely detail work. I also read and accepted all the manuscripts published in the *Chronicle* during the period mentioned, and can assert with positiveness that the *Chronicle* was never honoured by the offer of one from Mr. Stevenson. I do not trust to my memory solely on this point, but have caused the account books of the *Chronicle* to be carefully examined, and no trace of Mr. Stevenson's name can be found in them. Had he worked a single day for the paper, or contributed an article or articles, there would be a record of the fact, for the affairs of the *Chronicle* are methodically managed. To make assurance doubly sure, however, I have questioned the then city editor of the *Chronicle* and others who were on the staff of the paper in 1879 and 1880, and they all unite in saying that there is absolutely no foundation for the statements I am here denying, as they have already been denied in the columns of the *Chronicle*. I wish to add something that should be conclusive on this point. The *Chronicle*, like most journals, tries to make the most of such facts as the connexion of distinguished writers. Does any one suppose for a moment that if Robert Louis Stevenson had been a contributor to the paper that we should not have been proud to dwell on the fact?

MR. ELLIOTT STOCK's facsimile reprint of *The Germ* has the merit of being absolutely faithful to the original. Its four numbers (the last two were entitled *Art and Poetry*) are issued, together with a separate pamphlet preface by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in a neat card-board case. Original copies of *The Germ* are now very scarce and proportionately valuable. As much as £104 has been paid for a set. Mr. W. M. Rossetti is the natural historian of the magazine, inasmuch as he was its editor. The Præraphæelite Brotherhood was founded in 1848, and Mr. Rossetti not only names its members—Holman-Hunt, Millais, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Woolner the sculptor, James Collinson, Frederic George Stephens, and himself—but adds a list of those who were intimate with the members. In 1849 the members first exhibited pictures conceived in the new spirit; and then they bethought themselves of literature. The author of the project

was Dante Gabriel Rossetti. He alone among the P.R.B.'s had already cultivated the art of writing in verse and in prose to some noticeable extent ("The Blessed Damozel" had been produced before May, 1847), and he was better acquainted than any other member with British and foreign literature. There need be no self-conceit in saying that in these respects I came next to him. Holman-Hunt, Woolner, and Stephens were all reading men (in British literature only) within straiter bounds than Rossetti; not any one of them, I think, had as yet done in writing anything worth mentioning. Millais and Collinson, more especially the former, were men of the brush, not the pen, yet both of them capable of writing with point, and even in verse. By July 13 and 14, 1849, some steps were taken towards discussing the project of a magazine. The price, as at first proposed, was to be sixpence; the title, "Monthly Thoughts in Literature, Poetry, and Art"; each number was to have an etching. Soon afterwards a price of one shilling was decided upon, and two etchings per number: but this latter intention was not carried out.

THE name of the magazine was not settled without difficulty, nor was it then adhered to. Among the titles suggested were "The Seed," "The Scroll," "The Harbinger," "The Sower," "The Truth-Seeker," and "The Acorn." Dante Gabriel Rossetti's suggestion was "Thoughts Toward Nature," and this furnished the subtitle. Seven hundred copies of the first number were printed, of which about 200 were sold. Of No. 2 only 500 copies were printed, and the sale was smaller than before. The magazine would then have stopped but for the offer of the printers to produce two more numbers at their own expense. These also fell quite flat. "People would not buy *The Germ*, and would scarcely know of its existence. Its debts exceeded its assets, and a sum of £33, due on Nos. 1 and 2, had to be cleared off by the seven (or eight) proprietors, conscientious against the grain."

THE most famous contribution to *The Germ*, by far, was Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel," though it appeared in a form very inferior to that which he afterwards gave to it. *The Germ* text has been published separately, with an exhaustive introduction, by Messrs. Duckworth. Miss Christina M. Rossetti and Coventry Patmore contributed verses. Patmore's little poem, "The Season," should alone have helped the magazine to a larger sale:

The crocus in the shrewd March morn,
Thrusts up his saffron spear;
And April dots the sombre thorn
With gems, and loveliest cheer.

Then sleep the seasons, full of might;
While slowly swells the pod,
And rounds the peach, and in the night
The mushroom bursts the sod.

The winter comes: the frozen rut
Is bound with silver bars;
The white drift heaps against the hut;
And night is pierced with stars.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti's own most interesting contribution is a careful review of "*The Strayed Reveller; and Other Poems*. By A." The number of copies of Mr. Stock's complete reprint is 700; the price, 10s. 6d. net.

BEING a fighter, Mr. Clement K. Shorter is likely to answer the strictures passed upon his biographical treatment of the Brontës in the introduction to Messrs. Downey's new library edition of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*, written by Mr. Temple Scott and Mr. B. W. Willett. These critics name three books which have added important new material to this work. They are Sir T. Wemyss Reid's monograph on Charlotte Brontë, Mr. Francis A. Leyland's *The Brontë Family*, and Mr. Shorter's *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*. Concerning the last-named, the editors express the opinion that Mr. Shorter, "in some instances, simply represents the views of Mr. Nicholls, who is, of course, prejudiced, especially as he did not like Mrs. Gaskell." They add:

The most flagrant instance of Mr. Shorter's injustice to Mrs. Gaskell is his statement on p. 464—that he had "gathered from Mrs. Gaskell" that Charlotte Brontë's marriage had been an unhappy one, whereas Mrs. Gaskell speaks of it in such terms as "the too short, almost perfect happiness of her nine months of wedded life," and quotes Charlotte's last words, "Oh! I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us; we have been so happy!" Had Mr. Shorter not read Mrs. Gaskell when he wrote thus, or did he deliberately misrepresent her? Either alternative is apt to engender mistrust in him as a biographer, and, as a matter of fact, there are other cases in which he fails to do justice to his predecessors, or to state the case fairly.

It is never right to judge a new paper by its first number save with allowances, and some imaginative sympathy; but even without these Mr. Shorter's new *Tatler* must please. It is a very bright budget of the men and women and things of to-day, and we wish it success. The *Tatler's* dealings with literature are in the personal vein. Like unto this, for example: "Mr. Arthur Humphreys, so well known as the head of the bookselling firm of Hatchards of Piccadilly, and as the publisher of Lord Rosebery's *Napoleon*, has been engaged at Sandringham in arranging the King's private library. His Majesty, although he has suddenly come into possession of the fine library at Windsor, has naturally a genuine affection for the library which he has built up for himself in his Norfolk home, and indeed his interest in his books is really very keen." On the same page, which is headed "The Literary Personalities of the Hour," we have portraits of Mr. A. E. Housman, Mrs. J. C. Woods, author of *Tangled Trinities*, and "Zack." The particulars given of the three Housmans, Alfred Edward, Laurence, and their sister, Miss Clemence Housman, are interesting and useful.

MR. ANDREW D. WHITE, the United States Ambassador to Germany, writes very interestingly, in the July *Idler*, about some recent walks and talks he has had with Tolstoy. He thoroughly believed in Tolstoy's sincerity and genius, but found himself constantly at issue with him in his opinions. Tolstoy spoke with disapprobation of travel, and Mr. White fastens on this, observing: "Of all distinguished men that I have ever met, Tolstoy seems to me most in need of that enlargement of view and healthful modification of opinion which come from observing men, and comparing opinions on different lands and under different conditions. This need has been all the greater because in Russia there is no opportunity to discuss really important questions."

IN Tolstoy, says Mr. White, we see a man who, nourished in and on Russia, is a narrow and fantastic teacher, and

a man of genius denouncing all science, and commending what he calls "faith"; urging a return to a state of nature, which is simply Rosseau modified by misreadings of the New Testament; repudiating marriage, though himself most happily married, and the father of sixteen children; holding that Æschylus and Dante and Shakespeare were not great in literature, and making of some obscure writer a literary idol; holding that Michael Angelo and Raphael were not great in sculpture and painting, yet insisting on the eminence of sundry unknown artists who have painted brutally; holding that Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, and Hadyn were not great in music, but that some unknown performer, outside any healthful musical evolution, has given us the music of the future; declaring Napoleon to have had no genius, but presenting Kutusoff as a military ideal; loathing science—that organised knowledge which has done more than all else to bring us out of mediæval cruelty into a better world—and extolling a "faith" which has always been the most effective pretext for bloodshed and oppression.

The long, slow, everyday work of developing a better future for his countrymen is to be done by others far less gifted than Tolstoy. His paradoxes will be forgotten; but his devoted life, his noble thoughts, and his lofty ideals will, as centuries roll on, more and more give life and light to the new Russia.

To their edition of Lord Chesterfield's *Letters to His Son*, which we notice elsewhere, Mr. Charles Strachey and Miss Annette Calthrop affix a quotation from the letter of March 19, 1750, which we will quote at more length from the text. Writing from London to his son in Italy, Lord Chesterfield says: "When you return here, I am apt to think that you will find something better to do than to run to Mr. Osborne's, at Gray's Inn, to pick up scarce books. Buy good books, and read them; the best books are the commonest, and the last editions are always the best, if the editors are not blockheads, for they may profit of the former."

WHEN Lord Chesterfield found that his son was fond of out-of-the-way books, he tactfully wrote, in the same strain: "I am also very well pleased to hear that you have such a knowledge of, and taste for, curious books, and scarce and valuable tracts. This is a kind of knowledge which very well becomes a man of sound and solid learning, but which only exposes a man of slight and superficial reading; therefore, pray, make the substance and matter of such books your first object, and their title-pages, indexes, letter, and binding but your second."

By the way, there is an example in Mr. Strachey's introduction to the *Letters* of a very deliberate, yet, we cannot help thinking, rather unfortunate choice of a word. Referring to Chesterfield's reputedly "immoral" advice to his son on the subject of women, dissimulation, etc., he says: "I maintain that all the advice contained in the *Letters* which any unprejudiced, unpriggish person might reasonably call immoral, could easily be contained in a very few lines of this large book; and, speaking for myself, I should call such advice *naughty* rather than *immoral*." For ourselves, we would much rather go on calling Chesterfield's advice immoral, and then indicate the particular shade of immorality which ought to be imputed to him under all the circumstances. "Naughty" suggests frivolity or carelessness. Chesterfield can be charged with neither; the charm and strength of his letters—and they are very charming, and very strong—lies in their sincerity and firmness of intention.

WE did not think, in discussing Matthew Arnold's *Letters*, last week, that we should this week record the death of Mrs. Arnold, to whom many of them were addressed, and by whose permission all of them were printed. Mrs. Arnold died last Saturday, at Pain's Hill Cottage, Cobham, after a long illness. She was Frances Lucy, daughter of the late Sir William Wightman, the Queen's Bench Judge, and was married to Matthew Arnold almost exactly forty years ago. Three children survive her—Mr. R. P. Arnold, an inspector of factories, and two daughters, one of whom is the wife of Mr. F. W. Whitridge, of New York. The younger daughter is the widow of the Hon. Armine Wodehouse, M.P., who died but two months ago.

THOSE who like curiosities and details of fiction will enjoy a paper in the July *Macmillan* on "The Serving Man in Fiction." The writer has most to say about Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray. We write the names in the order in which they appreciated and sympathised with servants. To Thackeray, it is maintained, servants "are knaves or fools, cunning knaves or contemptible fools. . . . In Thackeray's opinion Sam Weller would have told his master's purposes to Job Trotter, and then the precious pair would have looked how they might make a little for themselves. . . . Servants may consider Thackeray as an open enemy, and Dickens as but half a friend. He, too, hates the menials of the mighty, but he breaks them on the wheel with heavy blows, while Thackeray sets them up like so many St. Sebastians as marks for his arrows. Mr. John Smauer and Mr. Frederick Lightfoot are both mangled objects after the operation. Dickens's declared mission is to show how much good can be in humble folk, but in this, like most missionaries, he more often takes the wrong road. The servants of the poor, those who labour for labourers, are under his protection, and he defends them too much as Serjeant Buzfuz would have done; special pleading is not convincing. Is any one moved to a crusade by the sorrows of 'Guster, or the forlorn state of Sally Brass's slave, the Marchioness? But to censure Dickens's conception of pathos is to mutilate the slain. His life's work was to move English people to laughter—neither the Scotch nor the Irish care for Dickens—and the two characters whom all novel-readers admire and cherish are both servants, Sam Weller and Mark Tapley." But Mr. Andrew Lang is a Scot.

FROM "The Serving Man in Fiction" it is a rather long step to "The Preternatural in Fiction." This subject is being treated in the *Pilot* by a writer who signs himself M.E.C. His first paper, last week, dealt with Mrs. Oliphant's *Tales of the Seen and Unseen*. The writer opens with a brief and suggestive consideration of Shakespeare's attitude to the preternatural.

In a warmly appreciative article on Mr. Robert Bridges's poetry, in the *Monthly Review*, Mr. Arthur Symonds says: "Mr. Meredith, caring mostly for originality, invents for every noun an adjective which has never run in harness with it, and which champs and rears intractably at its side. Mr. Swinburne, preferring what goes smoothly to what comes startlingly from a distance, chooses his epithets for their sound and for their traditional significance, their immediate appeal, sensuous or intellectual. Mr. Bridges obtains his delicate, evasively simple effects by coaxing beautiful, alien words to come together willingly, and take service with him, as if they had been born under his care." But this verbal petting is not enough.

AMERICAN critics are apparently quite aware of the fact that the "booms" of historical and other novels which are

now the order of the day in the States have little relation to the permanent advance of American literature. "Perhaps one of these books," says the *New York Times Saturday Review*, "may be bought and read five years from now, possibly ten, just conceivably twenty. But nobody who has watched the rise, decline, and fall of immediately successful books will assign to any a long date. He will rather entertain the presumption, founded on experience, that an immediate success is ephemeral, that it is a matter which concerns bookselling more than literature, that these prodigious successes are really commonplace and insipid and transitory as works of art."

We remarked some weeks ago that Mr. Stephen Gwynn is a deft writer of *vers de société*. That he takes a critical interest in this branch of literature is shown by his article on the subject in the July *New Liberal Review*. Talking, at the outset, of the difficulty of defining *vers de société*, Mr. Gwynn says:

Will any one say off-hand whether the verses in which Horace invites Virgil to dinner are or are not *vers de société*? For my own part I should incline to exclude them from that class on the ground that the Latin in them differs radically from the polished colloquial tongue which we know in Cicero's Letters. *Vers de société*, as I understand them, use the rhythm of verse, but the dialect of prose, which is more complex and conventional than the dialect of poetry. Of course, the two dialects have much in common: "I love you," "I hate you," are good either in poetry or in prose. But you cannot say in poetry, "I congratulate you on your safe arrival," whereas the very essence of *vers de société* is the dexterous arrangement of such phrases as this one in smooth, running verse, so as to afford a certain piquant incongruity between the matter and the form.

Mr. Gwynn runs over the best writers very pleasantly: Cowper, Præd, Calverley, Mr. Lehmann, Mr. Dobson, Thackeray, Mr. C. L. Graves, Mr. Lang, Mortimer Collins, and others.

Bibliographical.

It is interesting to know that there is still a demand for *Paul Ferroll* and *Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife*, new editions of both of which are promised by Messrs Chatto & Windus. Messrs. Chatto have had the books on their list for some years. I have a *Paul Ferroll* of theirs dated 1881, and a copy of its sequel dated 1882. The firm re-issued the former in 1890. The story came out originally in 1855, and is, therefore, non-copyright. The sequel belongs to 1860. An interesting criticism on both will be found in *Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign* (1897), written by Miss Adeline Sergeant. Miss Sergeant mentions that it was not until the fourth edition of *Paul Ferroll* was prepared that the concluding chapter, bringing the narrative down to the death of Paul, was added. "It is rather curious," as Miss Sergeant says, "that Mrs. Clive should have written another volume to explain why Paul Ferroll killed his wife"; and it is notable that in this sequel, which is much inferior to its predecessor, she changes the names of all the characters except Paul's wife—which is also rather unaccountable.

I am glad to see *Paul Ferroll* still to the fore, and apparently still in the current repertory of fiction, because I have always regarded it as, in its way, an historical "document." It marks a development in English story-telling. It was, as Miss Sergeant truly calls it, "the precursor of the purely sensational novel, or of what may be called the novel of mystery. . . . It set forth the delights of a mystery, the pleasures of suspense, together with a thrilling picture of 'the strong man in adversity.' . . . It introduced its readers to a new sensation. . . . To find a villain—and a thorough-paced villain, the murderer of his wife—installed

in the place of hero, and represented as noble, handsome and gifted, naturally thrilled the readers' minds with a mixture of horror and delight." Mrs. Clive's third novel, *John Greswold* (1864), is now wholly neglected.

The new Professor of English Literature at Owens College has been tolerably prolific as an author. Between 1880 and 1882 he published several prize essays, his first substantial publication being his work on *The Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Sixteenth Century* (1886). Then came his book on *The Age of Wordsworth* (1897), and his edition, with introductions and notes, of the works of Shakespeare (1899). His work as editor of the Warwick Library and the Warwick Shakespeare is well remembered. He has always taken a great interest in the drama of all countries, and we owe to him translations into English of the *Brand* (1893) and *Love's Comedy* (1900) of Ibsen. Altogether, a good literary record, and suggestive of things yet to come.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn, who has only recently brought out a little volume of verse, now announces the imminent appearance of a novel from his active pen. If this sort of thing goes on, we shall soon have to compile his bibliography. Unheard of, I believe, in the literary world prior to 1898, Mr. Gwynn published in that year a *Memoir of James Northcote* and a story called *The Repentance of a Private Secretary*. In 1899 he produced three volumes—a study of Tennyson, *The Decay of Sensibility, and Other Essays*, and a description of the *Highways and Byways of Donegal and Antrim*. Mr. Gwynn has certainly made a good deal of literary hay during the last four years.

Paul Bourget in English is a growing quantity. In 1887 Mr. Vizetelly gave us his *Love Crime and Cruel Enigma*. In 1889 came his *André Cornelis*, translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. To 1891-92 belongs his *Pastels of Men*, which came to us *via* America, and was reproduced in 1899. To 1892 belongs also *A Saint and Others*, Englished by John Gray. The *Love Crime* reappeared in 1893. In 1894 another translation of *A Saint* came from U.S.A. In 1895 we had M. Bourget's *Outre-Mer: Impressions of America*, which reminded us that another *Outre-Mer*, Longfellow, had long ago recorded his impressions of Europe. In 1896 again came *A Living Lie* and *A Tragic Idyl*; in 1898, *Some Portraits of Women*, translated by Mr. William Marchant; and in 1900 *Domestic Dramas*, also Englished by Mr. Marchant. The two last named are American in origin, as is also, I suspect, the Bourget book just issued, *The Disciple*.

Greatly daring, Mr. William Poel is going to give at the Charterhouse a performance of the old "morality," "Every-Man," which Dr. A. W. Ward, I see, regards as "the flower and crown of the literary species to which it belongs." Those who propose to witness the representation may be glad to be reminded that the text of the "morality" is to be found in Hawkins's *Origin of the English Drama*, and also in Hazlitt's *Dodsley*. Extracts from it are given by Mr. Pollard in his *English Miracle Plays*. A sketch of the story is supplied by Dr. Ward in his *English Dramatic Literature*, vol. i., in which may also be seen an account of its literary history. Its full title is "A Treatise, how the hye Fader of Heven sendeth Dethe to somon every creature to come and gyve a counte of theyr lyves in this Worlde."

I was right, it seems, in expressing my belief that Mr. George Radford's article on Falstaff had been included in his *Shylock* volume, and that he was also the author of a book of *Occasional Verses*. I am now reminded that he contributed to the *Johnson Club Papers* (published, like *Shylock*, &c., by Mr. Fisher Unwin) an essay on "Dr. Johnson at Lichfield," and some verses addressed to the editors of that work. Mr. Radford comes of a well-known Plymouth family, and is a solicitor and a L.C.C. He is brother to Mr. Ernest Radford, whose little books of verse are known to all close students of contemporary bardism.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

With a J Pen.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles
 Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. (Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d.)

THE English language resembles England in this, that the earth-worms of time have turned over every inch of it, and not a letter, any more than a county, is without its historical strata, relics, and suggestion. A chance column of the *New English Dictionary* is as fertile of fact and romance as a chance village into whose history you may look. Here we have the major number of words borne by that alphabetical light-weight, J. Two things would strike one quickly, even if they were not pointed out by Dr. Murray. One is the large number of words of unknown or obscure origin. Many of these may be set down as onomatopœic. The other is the number of personal proper names which have become common nouns, or have otherwise been saddled with special duties. Take some obscure origins first. Jibe, meaning to accord with, is a rare word nowadays, though Mark Twain has it in his *Screamers*. "The piece you happened to be playing . . . didn't seem to gibe with the general gait of the picture that was passing at the time." Seven years ago the *New York Nation* said, in its review of *Trilby*: "The dislike . . . of Trilby's posing for the 'altogether' doesn't jibe with the author's authoritative declaration that to all artists . . . nothing is so chaste as nudity." Dr. Murray thinks that jibe may be phonetically connected with chime (chime in with). Jib, meaning (of a horse) to stop, or move restively backwards, is another orphan word. Dr. Murray doubts its transference from the gibbing of a sail, nor can any historical connection be traced with OF. and modern dialect French *giber*, to kick. Jiffey, a short space of time, is also a puzzle. The earliest quotation found is in Munchausen: "In six jiffies I found myself and all my retinue . . . at the Rock of Gibraltar." Six jiffeys seems slow work, now that "half a jiffey" is commonly said. Jig, a lively dance, has jiggled itself into the language without a birth certificate. We do not often see it now in the sense of a piece of sport, a joke, or jesting matter. "An arch, merry trick," is the definition of an eighteenth century vocabularist. Thackeray wrote: "Her jigs and her junketings and her tears"; and Mr. Howells has written, apropos of something: "The die is cast, the jig is up, the fat's in the fire, the milk's spilt." Jig may mean a horse, also a man. The great Bentham wrote: "This Lord and Lady Tracton are the queerest jigs you ever saw." Man's names for man are more curious than flattering. The late Mr. Hamerton wrote a book on Man in Art; someone might write one on Man in Language, and speculate with sad entertainingness on the processes by which man came to look on his brother man as a Johnny; also as a Joker, a Joskin, a Jigger, a Chap, a Card, a Stick, a Buffer, a Shaver, a Blade, a Dog, and what else has been common. As the child of an orphan "jigger" has done well for itself, having struck so many roots into the language that it is now one of the hardiest of verbaceous creepers. Literally, a jigger is one who dances a jig; hence an odd-looking person, a guy. But nautically, a jigger means several things which only elderly seafaring men can be supposed to understand. In mining, fishing, pottery, billiards, and the United States Mint, the word has its uses; and it is slang for a door, a prison-cell, an illicit distillery, and a drink or dram of spirits—all these are jiggers. As a frequentative of the verb jig, jigger is said of a fish struggling on the hook. "He came up slowly and 'jiggered' savagely at the line," writes Mr. Andrew Lang in an angling sketch. Then what are we to make of jigger as an oath? Dr. Murray can but point hither and thither

in uncertainty. "Well, I'll be jiggered," one hears him mutter in despair.

Some melancholy reflections might be founded on the sense development of the word jockey; for if an honest man be the noblest work of God, this word proclaims him the rarest. Jockey is but a pet diminutive of John. The normal male child is Little Jock or Jocky. "Hence applicable to any man of the common people; also a lad; an understrapper." Hence, also, by humorous transference, jocky may be a thing. The descent of the word from high to low estate is parabled, as it were, in a well-known scrap of Coleridge's table-talk. "Silence," he remarked, "does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner, some time ago, in company with a man who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with—'Them's the jockies for me!' I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head." Continuing its descent in the human line, jockey became the equivalent of a beggar, or vagabond. A writer of 1685 had: "He turned a vagrant fellow like a Jockie, gaining Meal, Flesh, and Money, by his Charms." Yet earlier than this jockey had come to mean a man who had to do with horses. When Pepys wanted a pair of horses for that fine coach of his, wherewith he dazzled the Hyde Park throngs, he went in search of them accompanied by his friend Hewer, and Hewer's jockey. And Smollett wrote of selling Gil Blas's mule to "a very honest jockey," who, obviously, was not a race-course jockey. Macaulay, in discussing one of Hastings's acts, wrote: "The crime . . . was regarded by them in much the same light in which the selling of an unsound horse is regarded by a Yorkshire jockey." Here we are switched on to the line of cheating in connection with horses, and in other ways. As early as 1683 the word begins to have this sense. In 1740 it is explained, as a verb, by Allen, thus: "To jockey a man is to impose upon, to cheat, to overreach; to deal with anyone, as Jockeys do with all the world. Nor is there a more deceitful race of Men than Jockeys, in their Sale of Horse flesh." Thackeray, it may be remembered, used the word in this way in *Vanity Fair*, when recording Becky Sharp's dealings with one of her friends in Paris. "Rebecca was a good economist, and the price poor Jos Sedley had paid for her two horses was in itself sufficient to keep their little establishment afloat for a year at least. And the way in which she jockied Jos, and which she described with infinite fun, carried up his [her husband's] delight to a pitch of quite insane enthusiasm." Dr. Murray does not, we think, quote Defoe, but there is a passage in his *Tour* which is interesting in that it shows how, even on the race-course, the jockey was not always the professional rider, but was sometimes the sharpening owner. In the crowd at Newmarket he points out Sir R—— Fagg, of Sussex,

of whom Fame says he has the most in him, and the least to show for it, relating to Jockeyship, of any Man there; yet he often carry'd the Prize; his Horses, they said, were all Cheats, how honest soever their Master was; for he scarce ever produc'd a Horse but he look'd like what he was not, and what no Body cou'd expect him to be. . . . I was so sick of the Jockeying Part, that I left the Crowd about the Posts, and pleased myself with observing the Horses.

It should be noted, however, that much earlier than this Evelyn wrote of professional jockies—i.e. riders in the modern sense. The sinister overlapping of guileless and guileful connotations is preserved to-day; for while a "jockey" may be above suspicion, "to jockey" still means to act fraudulently or with artifice.

Returning, for a moment, to Johnny, it is interesting to find its present meaning of a uselessly ornamental fellow anticipated by Byron. In the last letter he ever wrote to

John Murray, dated from Missolonghi, he says: "On Sunday we had the smartest shock of an earthquake which I remember . . . and the whole army discharged their arms, upon the same principle that savages beat drums, or howl, during an eclipse of the moon:—it was a rare scene altogether—if you had but seen the English Johnnies, who had never been out of a cockney workshop before!—or will again if they can help it."

Among other proper names turned to common uses is *Jonah*, which William Black used as a verb in his novel *Sabina Zembla*: "I seem to *Jonah* (i.e. bring ill-luck to) everything I touch"; and in *Captains Courageous* Mr. Kipling puts this definition into the mouth of a fisherman on the Newfoundland banks: "A *Jonah's* anything that spoils the luck . . . I've known a splittin'-knife *Jonah* two trips till we was on to her." Probably many people are unaware of the supposed identity of *orum*, a bowl of punch, with *Joram* in 2 Samuel viii. 9, 10, where we read: "When *Toi* king of Hamath heard that David had smitten all the host of Hadadezer, then *Toi* sent *Joram* his son unto King David, to salute him, and to bless him, because he had fought against Hadadezer, and smitten him. And *Joram* brought with him vessels of silver, and vessels of gold, and vessels of brass."

Jim meant at first *alim*, delicate, and was a lover's word.

I see thee dancing on the green,
Thy waist sae *jim*, thy limbs sae clean,

sang Burns in rapture, and Barham echoed him in his "Legend of the Knight and Lady":

Then his left arm he placed
Round her *jim* taper waist.

Hence *jim* came to mean scant, bare (of measure). Scott, writing to Lockhart of certain Orkney Islanders, could say: "The manners of these islanders seem primitive and simple, and they are sober, good-humoured, and friendly—but *jim* honest." Scott underlined the word, in apology for it; but Stevenson, in *Catriona*, wrote promptly—we suppose correctly: "He had *jim* said the word"; i.e. he had scarcely uttered the word. The derivation of *Jilt* is obscure. The connection between Jews and the Jew's-harp cannot be traced. Juggins, like Jobson, was a surname, and each name has come to denote a bumpkin or dull-witted fellow. Disraeli named a Lancashire collier Juggins in *Sybil*. "But," says our lexicographer, "it does not appear whether or how far this is the source of the slang term"; some take the latter as a fantastically perverted derivation of 'mug,' greenhorn, found (1861) in Mahew's *London Labour*. *Jingo* was in 1670 a piece of conjurer's gibberish, nothing more. A conjurer said, "Hey, *jingo*!" A quarter of a century later Motteux rendered Rabelais' *par Dieu*, as *By Jingo*! in the mouth of Panurge. The origin of the modern political sense is known to everyone, and now we have jingodism, jingoeseque, jingoish, jingoism, jingoist, and jingoistic. A *jim-jam* was formerly only a flim-flam or whim-wham. As late as two years ago the *Daily News* wrote, perilously: "Every regiment has its little *jim-jams*," i.e. fantastic ways, peculiarities. For the plural already meant *delirium-tremens*. Dr. Murray's earliest quotation in this sense being from James Runciman's well-known *Skippers and Shellbacks*: "I'll die on the flags with the *jim-jams* before I'll wet my lips with it again." Joke appeared only in the second half of the seventeenth century, and is apparently an adaptation of the Latin *jocus*. It was often spelled "joque." In 1813 Southey hit on the happy word jokesmith to describe a manufacturer of jokes. He feared "to give occasion to the jests of newspaper jokesmiths." The word jolly has a very long and interesting history. Coverdale used it appreciatively, not ironically or sportively, when he wrote: "I thought my selfe a iolye fortunate man as well for the

nobylite of my kyndred . . . as also for my straye observyng of ye law." A Royal Marine is now, in slang, a jolly. "I'm a Jolly—Er Majesty's Jolly—Soldier and Sailor, too." All this, and much more, leaves the origin of jolly-boat "uncertain," though it does not leave Dr. Murray without learned conjectures. The same disappointment awaits us when we pass from jury to jury-mast. The letter J seems to have tempted all kinds of coinages and far-fetched constructions. Words like jirble, jigmaree, jiggetting, jinks, job ("of unascertained origin"), jolt ("etymology obscure"), junket ("of somewhat obscure history"), jutty ("a phonetic variant of jetty"), and many other words, might be cited in illustration. We have dabbled in the curiosities, but Dr. Murray properly invites special attention to such important and well-understood words as Judge, Jury, and Just. "The idiomatic uses of the adverb just are singularly protean and elusive."

A New Social Programme.

The Heart of the Empire. Discussions of Problems of Modern City Life in England, with an Essay on Imperialism. (Unwin.)

THIS book emanates from Cambridge University, and is a praiseworthy attempt to bring back England, now, as the authors think, drunk with an Imperial dream, to a sober consideration of her domestic affairs. It is recognised by thinkers that for once the end of a century and the death of a Queen synchronised also with the end of an era. Old creeds, old politics, old forms of thought, old programmes, have all withered and passed away together. Our authors recognise that an entirely new set of problems await solution in the future. The present disorganisation of the party of progress is no mere accident or result of personal failure, but a sign that the last remainder-biscuits of the old programme are consumed, and the Party has not yet found its natural standpoint amid the new conditions. Platforms still resound with Gladstonian echoes, though the original voice is silent and the work of Gladstone is done. From those who were his lieutenants and disciples it is hopeless to look for the new watchwords; they but follow the traditions he left. And there are less abstract reasons for the indifference to social reform that has come to England. First a great wave of prosperity has passed over the country, and in times of wealth and fatness it is natural to worship the God of Things-as they-are. At the same time the landowner, the "auld enemy" of Liberalism, has been hard hit, and has given way to the *nouveau riche*, so that any repetition of the ancient denunciation falls harmless in the air. The Land Question is atrophied, and so, for other reasons, is Disestablishment. Both were Liberal rallying cries two decades ago. Yet there is as much need as ever for a party of progress, and the band of writers here assembled has attempted to fashion a programme suited to the exigencies of the hour.

To say that they have succeeded would be to ignore the necessary sifting and elimination that alone can bring out the salient points, but they have opened what is certain to become a most interesting discussion. Let us see what their proposals are. Mr. Masterman, a Fellow of Christ's College, leads by showing that the massing together of population in large towns is changing the English character. As long as John Bull remained on the land he was slow, and stolid resolute when put on his mettle, but difficult to rouse. Subsequent events have shown that life in town has developed in him many of those traits that distinguish our neighbours across the Channel: feverishness, excitability, subjection to alternate fits of depression and enthusiasm. The flaming new press, with its eternal emphasis and exaggeration, its feminine

emotionalism and hysteria, really appears to reflect as well as encourage the temper of the people. Mr. Masterman effectively contrasts "the old silent life of England, close to the ground, vibrating to the lengthy, unhurried processes of nature," with the character of the town-dweller, "stunted, narrow-chested, easily-wearied, yet voluble, excitable, with little ballast, stamina, or endurance, seeking stimulus in drink, in betting, in any unaccustomed conflicts at home or abroad." But he does not escape the danger of treating the question from one point of view, and he does not recognise that the problem of the town is also the problem of the country. An essential of every useful problem must be that it contain a proposal for nursing a rural population. Nor does he, as it appears to us, get quite to the root of the matter as regards the city. As long as "municipal barracks" exist—that is to say, many-storied top-to-bottom houses, where families are reared without the possibility of obtaining adequate exercise or fresh air—the generation cannot but be emaciated, nervous, and decadent. At the same time we recognise the force of his objection to Mr. Balfour's patent scheme for planting workpeople many miles out of town. The time spent in travelling to and fro is a consumption of their scanty leisure. Mr. Masterman must radicalise still further before he finds a solution.

Mr. F. W. Laurance, from Trinity College, takes up the argument, but does not greatly forward it. His excursus on the question of rural housing needs to be garnished with fact. The average rent that a farm labourer can and will pay is eighteenpence a week (see the result of the investigations of the late Mr. Little and Mr. Wilson Fox), and a satisfactory cottage cannot be put up for less than £150, so that here we come to an *impasse*. It is quite futile for him to call on the landlords to do what they are not compelled to and what is not profitable. All they will do in return is to shrug their shoulders, point to their losses through agricultural depression, and ask for Protection. The trend of opinion just now is in favour of making the peasant owner of his house and land, and a shadow of that privilege was actually offered by a Tory Government. In England there are fewer small holdings than in any other country of Europe. Besides, no treatment of the subject is satisfactory that takes no account of the stupid building by-laws. He writes much and sensibly about the urban aspect of the housing problem, but it needs crystallising into phrases that will strike the imagination of the wayfaring man.

A paper to which we turned with curious interest was Mr. Head's disquisition on "The Church and the People." He writes from the inside, and what impresses one most is his recognition of the fact that with the strength of the nation the Church has completely lost touch. Rich and poor alike view it apathetically, and he laments, not without cause, that its ministry has lost attraction for men of intellect. Yet he dreams of it becoming once more a great religious force in the nation. That may or may not be; but it seems to us that the clergy, bound by old formulas at a time when new truths have been propounded, have lagged hopelessly behind when they should have led, and it will be more than a miracle that causes their re-institution. Mr. Head scarcely takes account of the fact that the best teaching of the day is scientific and positive. Let him imagine one of these apathetic young men "whose falling away he deplures" in church and listening to an exposition of the dogmatic theology still preached. Speaker and hearer think and talk in different languages, and there is no sympathy between them. One can scarcely imagine the re-adjustment that would bring them together. Other chapters of the book equally invite comment, but we desist. Sympathising fully with the object of the writers, we can only hope that their proposals will be frankly discussed.

The House.

The Story of the Stock Exchange: its History and Position.
By Charles Duguid. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

No student of London should be destitute of this book, which certainly fulfils the author's hope that it may interest readers who are unconnected with City finance. The present writer's ignorance of Stock Exchange business is that of a boy on a village green, yet Mr. Duguid's pages have held him almost from first to last. Not, perhaps, quite to the last. The descriptions of Stock Exchange enthusiasm after Ladysmith and Mafeking read a little tediously just now, but even these will be ripened by time. Mr. Duguid became the acknowledged historian of the "House" when it was seen how excellent was his contribution to the *Stock Exchange Souvenir*, issued at the end of the century. His paper is here expanded into a goodly volume of more than 450 pages.

We cannot attempt to summarise the story Mr. Duguid unfolds. He sets forth very clearly the rise of Stockbroking, which, for practical purposes, may be said to have taken place under William and Mary, although stockbrokers had appeared at the end of the seventeenth century, and mercantile brokers very much earlier. The Stock Exchange found its first home in the second Royal Exchange, where the "Stocks Walk" was between the Grocers' and Druggists' Walk and the Italian Walk. At this time, and, actually, till the middle of the last century, stockbrokers could ply their business only under licences from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen. At the end of the seventeenth century the number of licences was limited to a hundred. These members distinguished themselves from outside brokers, who thus early were on the scene, by wearing a silver medal suitably inscribed. Even the favoured hundred were looked down upon by the merchants in the Royal Exchange, and the cleavage grew so wide that at last, in 1698, the stockbrokers left the Royal Exchange in a body. 'Change-alley, close by, with its considerable space and its comfortable coffee-houses, rose into importance in a night. Here, in the first half of the eighteenth century, stock-jobbing became the scandal and danger of British commerce. Bulls, Bears, Rams, and Bubbles were already everyday terms with the crowd which oscillated between Jonathan's and Garraway's. Hither came Members of Parliament, nobility, gentry, authors, to swell the din.

Tricks of all kinds were rife, as when a horseman rode frantically into the City falsely announcing the death of Queen Anne. In 1720 the South Sea Bubble swelled in all its beauty, and burst. Previously, Swift had been a speculator. In the Bubble we meet his fellow-poet, Gay, who at one time stood to gain £20,000 by selling out. He held on, to his ruin. Twenty-eight years later, while 'Change-alley was still weltering through much obloquy, it was burned down. Eighty dwelling-houses and Garraway's and Jonathan's coffee-houses were destroyed. The story of the Stock Exchange is punctuated by fires, but from this one it quickly recovered, and not many years later Horace Walpole remarked that "From the Alley to the House [of Commons] is like a path of ants," so eager were Members of Parliament to speculate. About this time a futile attempt on the part of the leading members of the Stock Exchange to form an inner club at Jonathan's (from which coffee-house they removed a broker by force, and were defeated in the lawsuit that followed) led to the establishment of the first separate building. It ran across the site of the present Peabody statue, behind the Royal Exchange, and became the nucleus—only the nucleus—of Stock Exchange business. Those of our readers who have been inside the Rotunda at the Bank of England; where applications for Consols and Boer war loans, with their deposits and call money, are received, may be surprised to

learn that this decorous place was once the recognised market for dealings in public funds, and was, therefore, a place of mammonish din and disrepute. The beadle imposed silence at intervals by the use of a deafening rattle. Unscrupulous brokers lay in wait for the simple and unwary, selling them stocks at unfair prices. This state of things lasted, with more or less scandal, until 1834, when an Act of Parliament was obtained to expel the stockbrokers from the Rotunda. They went with an ill-grace, although the new Stock Exchange in Capel-court was at hand.

Mr. Duguid draws very interesting pictures of the early nineteenth-century scenes in Capel-court. In those days members brought their own chops and steaks and had them cooked at the chop-houses, paying a penny for this service, and buying vegetables, bread, and drink. The rules of the Stock Exchange were then crystallising, and in 1803 the first official price list appeared. But queer things still happened. In February, 1814, there was the elaborate De Berenger fraud, in which a bogus courier, his brilliant uniform wet with the salt spray of the Channel, and his pockets full of Napoleons, drove post-haste from Dover, and over London Bridge into the City, with the news that the Allied Armies were in possession of Paris and that Napoleon was slain. The coach disappeared over Blackfriars Bridge. A golden harvest was reaped; but a little later a scarlet regimental coat, cut into small pieces, was fished out of the Thames by a waterman. An investigating committee could not get at the truth. Another side of the Stock Exchange was represented at this time by such distinguished members as Francis Baily, afterwards the astronomer; David Ricardo, the political economist; and Horace Smith, of the *Rejected Addresses*. When Smith and his friend, William Heseltine, who was also a writer, joined the Stock Exchange, they agreed that each would retire when he had made £50,000. They forgot this for years, but when, one day, it occurred to Horace Smith that he had so determined, he exclaimed to his friend: "I've made my sum, and I'm off to-morrow." Heseltine only sneered at an ambition so moderate. Smith retired to Brighton to become a cheerful man of letters. Heseltine heaped up £200,000, lost most of it, and died broken-hearted.

To the Stock Exchange of to-day Mr. Duguid devotes half his book, telling how members do business, how they prosper, fail, eat, play the fool, fight for their country, and do good works. To the last the story deviates into tragic drama. Mr. Duguid thus describes the scene on Saturday, December 29 last, when the Globe group crash was darkening the end of the century:

On Saturday morning, when business should have been merriment, and members of the Stock Exchange should have been closing their books for the New Year's holiday, gaily wishing each other a happy New Century, the grimmest of scenes was enacted in the House. The very hand of Barker, the waiter, shook like an aspen leaf as amid death-like silence he announced failure after failure, and failure after failure. Early evening papers came flaring out with the sensational story of the failure of four firms on the Stock Exchange. But that was not half nor a third of the tale of the day. Ere the hammer had ceased thirteen Stock Exchange firms, involving no fewer than twenty-nine members of the House, had been declared defaulters, and subsequent failures increased the number. Some of the failed firms had been firms of eminence. One who was declared a defaulter had been a member for nearly half a century, another for thirty-two years, another for twenty-seven years, and two others for twenty years. One had just been given command of a battalion of Volunteers in South Africa where he was serving in the Boer war; two others had been married within the two preceding weeks, one of them actually being on his honeymoon.

Those who see only iniquity in the Stock Exchange will

find much in Mr. Duguid's pages to confirm them in their harshest judgments, and they will derive no comfort from his last pages, in which he shows the ever-growing prosperity of the institution. Capel-court is certainly of the earth earthy, but even its censors may learn from this book that it is a growth, not an invention, and that its maze of roots extend, perhaps, beneath their own doorsteps.

Allegories.

Twelve Allegories. By Kathleen Haydn Green. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS volume is as slender as any that we remember to have met with. The whole of the matter could be printed on less than half-a-dozen pages of the *Academy*, and yet, such is the ingenuity of printer and publisher, it constitutes a book of, apparently, one hundred and seventeen pages. As an example of what can be done in the way of making one word serve for five, it is decidedly curious and interesting.

Miss Green has chosen a peculiarly difficult form of literary art, and we may say that if she has failed she has failed not more conspicuously than scores of predecessors in the same venture. The "poem in prose" has more than once been the final achievement of a supreme literary artist, as with Turgenev and Baudelaire. Turgenev's allegories seem the simplest thing in the world—the labour of a casual half-hour; but they happen also to be the product of a lifetime of experience in the craft of words. Turgenev, one notes, avoided the archaic phraseology which marks the usual poem in prose, and which is probably supposed to give it a poetical quality. Miss Green's trifles would have been better if she had followed his example instead of that of the average artificer. "Nay," "Of a truth," "Twas," and verbs ending in *eth* do not make poetry in prose, nor do they in the slightest degree help to make it. Miss Green's prose is correct, and fairly neat; sometimes it is pretty; but it is never distinguished. Her fancy is sentimental; it runs in well-trodden ways, with a general tendency towards the sweetly melancholy. Its didactic moods are the least satisfactory. Space enables us to quote one allegory entire; it is a fair sample of the book, but somewhat shorter than its eleven companions:

THE TWO GARDENS.

There was a King who had a Garden that he loved exceedingly well.

And of all his people he chose him two men that were Gardeners to tend his Garden, and he made of it two several portions, and gave to each man one to plant and cherish.

And he left them for a while, for he said: "I will return to see how ye have prospered in your labours."

And the Gardeners toiled each after his manner, till when many days had sped the King drew near again to view his Garden.

And as he passed through the first man's share, behold, it was full clean, and tended well, and free from weeds; but nothing grew there—neither flowering plant, nor tree, nor grape-vine.

And the King said to the Gardener: "How is this—ye have no flower for an offering?"

And he said: "Lo! O King, the Garden is large, and I am but one man for all the labour; and this great while I have striven to rid the land of weeds, so that as yet I have not planted tree nor flower—only the weeds I have uprooted."

And the King replied not but passed on to view the second Garden how it fared.

And he saw it was all filled with weeds and grass, and creeping plants that cumbered all the ground; but in the middle of the Garden was a little space made clear, and therein grew a fair white Lily wondrous tall, that breathed the sweetest perfumes in the air.

And the Gardener said unto the King: "Behold,

my Lord, where I have toiled and laboured! The Garden is full large, and weeds will grow apace; yet I heeded them not for the sake of this one flower that I might make to thee thereof an offering!"

And the King said: "It is well—the flower is very fair; and how shall it avail to rid the land of weeds if nought be planted in their stead? Lo! thou hast better wrought who hast one perfect flower to show thy Lord amidst these many weeds than he whose toil but leaves a barren garden!"

And the King plucked the white Lily where it grew, and took it home into his palace.

One naturally asks: "Why did the King go and pluck that solitary Lily?"

Last of the Vikings.

Laboremus: a Play in Three Acts. By Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. (Chapman & Hall. 5s.)

WHEN a creative talent has fulfilled the hour of absolute maturity, its imaginative processes usually undergo an excessive refinement; they are over-subtilised, and there is, of course, no corresponding increase of force to give the subtlety and the refinement that almost physical support which they need. Consequently the work of a venerable artist, while it breathes a fragile charm, often fails in conviction. Such is the case with Ibsen, and such is the case with his great compeer, Bjørnson. *Laboremus* was produced for the first time at Christiania less than a couple of months ago, and we are driven to the conclusion that either dramatic taste in Norway is decidedly less naive than it is in England, or the play failed intensely in its appeal to the audience. Of dramatic power, *Laboremus* has little or none. It is a story as fanciful as any of Maeterlinck's, wrapped in a cloak of pseudo-realism. There is no true realism in the piece, except a realism of phraseology and *mise-en-scène*. The theme is stated, with full details, at least three times in the play; we give extracts from the statement in the third act:

BORGNY: I wanted to tell you something that happened in my own family. A lady, one of the noblest that ever lived, fell very ill. She sat in an easy-chair or lay in bed, and was no longer able to do anything. She could not even play, which she liked best of all; nor was it possible for her to have her daughter with her.

LONGFRID: Why could she not have her daughter with her?

BORGNY: The disease was contagious. . . . This longing for music and for her daughter rendered her condition worse. The doctors came to the conclusion that she ought, at least, to hear some music. The family lived in the country, but was very rich. So they advertised through a musical agency for an accomplished lady-pianist.

LONGFRID: But the disease was contagious!

BORGNY: That was why it was so long before any one could be found. At last, however, there was one who ventured.

LONGFRID: A skilful one?

BORGNY: An extraordinary one. A renowned one, even.

LONGFRID: This interests me! Music as a cure! . . . And what was the result!

BORGNY: Excellent. She enchanted every one. There was something in her person and in her music, something that hypnotised.

The patient revived; her appetite increased; sleep came; her vital power was quickened, so that the doctors began to have fresh hopes. Far and wide, people spoke of it. The music had really worked wonders.

But there was a "sly man sitting in a corner," the

husband. The pianist fell in love with him, and changed her tactics. The patient understood everything:

LONGFRID: And said nothing?

BORGNY: I should not have done so either; and soon she was no longer able to say anything.

LONGFRID: How so?

BORGNY: The other one took away her strength, inch by inch, with her wishes, with her eyes, with her music. She even turned the music against her.

LONGFRID [*Rising*]: Such a thing I never . . .

Nor we either, except in poetic fiction, where the idea has served its turn many times. A theme so fanciful should have been treated fancifully. It is in vain that Bjørnson sticks it in the rooms of a modern hotel. The reader cannot possibly be convinced in any realistic way, because his common-sense tells him that the notion is fundamentally absurd. If the reader had merely been asked to accept the idea for what it is, a conceit, he would have been able to comply, with advantage. Bjørnson seems wilfully to have added to his difficulties. Why should the disease have been contagious? Does it not appear strange that a daughter should abandon her mother while a stranger takes her place? These trifles fatally impair such slender vraisemblance as the idea possesses. We are aware that the story may be said to have a spiritual significance; but, if the operative machinery is made realistic, the spiritual significance cannot begin to signify until the more earthly aspect of the affair has been rendered convincing.

The play commences after the death of the patient. The husband has married the pianist. But that dream is soon shattered, and the pianist next inveigles a musical composer, who, by a coincidence far too facile, is writing an opera on the subject of Undine. Happily for the composer, the daughter of the dead woman supervenes, and gives him a new conception of the Undine. The pianist disappears. "Now you will be able to work," says the composer's uncle. Hence, we presume, the title of the play.

The plot is richly embroidered with the inventions of an opulent fancy—a fancy which seems always inclined towards the "precious"—as, for instance, in the love-scene between the Undine-pianist and her second victim:

LYDIA: I thank you for wanting to come to me. You shall not be disappointed. I will create a deep, vast silence around you, as if you were living in a forest, a large forest.

LONGFRID: How?

LYDIA: In art the essential thing is to be alone, far away from all surroundings.

LONGFRID: Naturally.

LYDIA: Last time this was not possible. All the time was lost in trying to find out how to be alone. That caused the unrest. Don't you understand?

LONGFRID: Perhaps . . . Yes, do you know . . .

LYDIA: Let us go away, Longfrid. There is no other means. You and I—I and you, and stillness, stillness. No one and nothing else besides. Then you shall see.

This might be an extract from something by Rémy de Gourmont in the *Mercure de France*. Lydia's defence of the Undine-methods is done in the same vein:

LYDIA: What I understood was her longing. Her pain in the life she led. Her craving for what she could not reach. Her aspiration after a higher form of life. Her belief that she could reach it by winning the soul of a man, and then by having a share in life through him. . . . A crime? I see no crime in the Undine. The story of the Undine is the great Nature-yearning; the great love for what is above her, for that which delivers, whatever be the obstacles.

This is all very well, but it sounds strangely in "a large, richly-furnished drawing-room." Most of the play is pretty; some of it is beautiful; all of it has a vague distinction. But its fine-drawn, capricious scenes are

matter for amiable gossip over tea-tables rather than serious discussion. The thing is just good enough to talk about. We can say this without abating our appreciation of the high value of the totality of Björnson's artistic achievement, now extending over some fifty years.

The translation is bad.

Other New Books.

THE LETTERS OF THE EARL OF
CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON. EDITED BY C. STRACHEY
AND A. CALTHROP.

Mr. Strachey, who writes the introduction to this edition, makes a sturdy, and, we think, valid defence of Lord Chesterfield, who has been condemned far more by one or two scraps of easy-going advice to his son than by the body of his Letters or by his life. Dr. Johnson, as everyone knows, fell out with Chesterfield, and naturally his judgments on the peer were most epigrammatic when they were most hostile. It is remembered that he called Chesterfield's morals those of a whore, and his manners those of a dancing-master, while it is forgotten that his later judgments were milder, and even tended to admiration, as when he admitted that Chesterfield's manner was "exquisitely elegant, and he had more knowledge than I expected." Mr. Strachey is justified in thinking that "had circumstances been more propitious, Johnson might possibly have come to regard the Earl as no more objectionable than (say) Jack Wilkes." The glib condemnments of Chesterfield have, many of them, not so much as paused to remember that the son to whom he chose to write as one man of the world to another was his illegitimate offspring, and that Chesterfield's whole attitude to his boy was unique. Loving him, undoubtedly, as a father, he chose to sink the father and advise him as an experienced friend. In his later Letters he addressed his son as "My Dear Friend," in order to emphasise his desire to meet him on equal, or, at least, unprejudiced terms. How many fathers would like to adopt, in some measure, Chesterfield's plan, and have not the courage!

The Letters are a slow tragedy of parentage. The father's persistence in advice is really pathetic. His eyes follow his son around Europe, and his letters search him out everywhere. "When I have wrote you a very long letter on any subject, it is no sooner gone but I think I have omitted something in it, which might be of use to you; and then I prepare the supplement for the next post; or else some new subject occurs to me, upon which I fancy I can give you some information, or point out some rules which may be advantageous to you."

His wit is charming in the conclusion of his 103rd letter: "My long and frequent letters, which I send you in great doubt of their success, put me in mind of certain papers, which you have, very lately, and I, formerly, sent up with kites, along the string, which we called messengers; some of them the wind used to blow away, others were torn by the string, and but few of them got up and stuck to the kite. But I will content myself now, as I did then, if some of my present messengers do but stick to you." But they stuck to little purpose. The son never acquired the graces which his father had for thirty years instilled; he failed in Parliament; and after a diplomatic career that galled Chesterfield by its undistinguished decency (the son has been as much libelled as the father) Philip Stanhope, the most counselled man of his age, died at Avignon. By a crowning irony the news of his son's death was brought to Chesterfield by his son's commonplace widow, of whom he had never heard. Yet he received the stranger well, and the two grandsons she presented. Decidedly this edition of Chesterfield's Letters is welcome. Introduction and notes are alike excellent. (Methuen. 2 vols. 6s. each.)

RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF THE
TRANSSVAAL WAR.

By E. T. COOK.

Mr. E. T. Cook, it is pretty generally known, was editor of the *Daily News* for five years, and retired from that post early in the present year. He is a Radical, but a Radical who believes in the Empire, and the volume which he has just published is almost as much an explanation of his attitude in our relations with the Transvaal as it is a study of the causes which led up to the Transvaal War. Mr. Cook believes that "substantially" Great Britain has been in the right, and the Dutch ex-Republics in the wrong, but though his book is informed with a definite opinion, he has endeavoured to supply the reader with the data necessary for arriving at an independent judgment. He has made it his aim to supply throughout chapter and verse for every reference, and has cited textually the more important despatches, collecting them in their proper order from a mass of Blue-books, many of which are now out of print. The task is one which demands an orderly and logical mind, an understanding of causes and effects, and that clear insight into human nature which appears to be absolutely foreign to so many among us. Mr. Cook has, thanks to his training, been able to bring these to bear upon his book, though he is hampered by his prepossessions. But he has struggled gallantly against them, and if it is any merit to be impartial in a matter of the kind, Mr. Cook has, perhaps, come as near that state as any man can. He recognises that there was, and is, a conflict of ideals, of race, and of ambitions, in South Africa, or, to put it shortly, between Mr. Rhodes's ideal of a United South Africa under the Union Jack and Mr. Kruger's ideal of a United South Africa under a Dutch Afrikaner flag. He gives quotations which show how, years before the Raid was thought of, Mr. Kruger cherished the idea of driving the English into the sea, and had begun to make the Transvaal the arsenal of South Africa, and by chapter and verse he demonstrates that the Outlanders had rights, or that Mr. Gladstone thought he had secured rights for them, and that the Johannesburg capitalists held out against the Reform movement as long as they possibly could. Mr. Cook's work is one of the indispensable books on the subject, and with a little more detachment it would have been among the most valuable of them. Its usefulness will be increased by its full index, and the chronological list of the more important despatches quoted in the body of the text. (Edward Arnold.)

THE BOLIVIAN ANDES.

By SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

This record of climbing and exploration in the Cordillera Real is marked by all the good qualities which have distinguished Sir Martin Conway's previous work; it is full, accurate, high-spirited, and exhilarating as the lower snow-slopes. Difficulties are the life-blood of your true mountaineer, and Sir Martin grasps difficulties by the hand in the most friendly fashion, and turns them to good account. If he failed to reach the summit of Mount Sorata, that was merely because the weather conditions made the complete ascent impossible; but he did stand upon the summit of Illimani, at an altitude of 21,200 feet, and heard his guide, Maquignar, say the notable words, "Monsieur, à vous la gloire." It is for such moments that the explorer lives.

Sir Martin's observations were not made without serious obstacles, for the Indians who live upon the high plateau of Bolivia have no knowledge of the innocent methods employed in making a "bar-subtense survey," and they not unnaturally suspect that some witchcraft is at work when a theodolite points straight at one of their sacred mountains. On one occasion Sir Martin only escaped death by frequent discharges of his revolver, "taking care, of course, not to hit any one, for that would have made matters infinitely worse, and would have put an end to the possibility of completing my survey."

The book has interesting chapters dealing with the yet only partially developed rubber industry of Bolivia, the gold-mines of Cusanaco and Yani, and the tin-mines of Huaina Potosi. There is also much of value concerning the relics of the great Spanish occupation, an occupation the influence of which is still manifest in some quaint survivals. Altogether this latest of Sir Martin Conway's contributions to the noble literature of exploration is worthy of its predecessors. (Harper.)

Messrs. Longman have issued in a single octavo volume Mr. S. R. Gardiner's study of Oliver Cromwell, which was published by Messrs. Goupil, with illustrations, in the Illustrated Series of Historical Volumes. A photogravure portrait, from Samuel Cooper's painting at Cambridge, is given as frontispiece. The price of the book is 5s. net.

The *Index to the First Ten Volumes of Book Prices Current*, just issued by Mr. Elliot Stock, will be warmly welcomed by possessors of the set, who have now a key to the series. Mr. Jaggard, the compiler, is quite entitled to exclaim, as he does, on the magnitude and worry of his task. The work involved the marshalling into order of thirty-three thousand titles, and considerably over half-a-million numerals. We have no means of testing the accuracy of the result, but we have no doubt that Mr. Jaggard has erred only because he is human, and that he has really filled "the vacuum caused by the want of an up-to-date Lowndes."

As a study in a remote "working" of the literary mine, Mr. G. H. Maynadier's work, *The Wife of Bath's Tale: Its Sources and Analogues* (Nutt, 6s. net), will doubtless appeal to a select audience of scholars. Mr. Maynadier is Instructor in English at Harvard University, and this study was presented by him in 1898. "It considers the sources of 'The Wife of Bath's Tale' and of the English tales manifestly related to it, their connection with one another, and their possible relation with other tales which seem to present what is virtually the central incident of Chaucer's poem." Mr. Maynadier claims originality for some of the resemblances he has noted, among them those of Thomas of Ercildoune, and of the *Wolfdietrich* poems to Chaucer's story.

"The investor must keep his eyes open, consult his broker as before, and make use of the wits with which Nature has furnished him." With these wise reservations, Mr. C. H. Thorpe sets out, in *How to Invest and How to Speculate* (Grant Richards, 5s.), to instruct the man in the street in "certain guiding principles." The only guiding principle we should ourselves offer is, Don't speculate at all; and to do Mr. Thorpe justice, his book consists mainly of advice and information as to investment. Of course there is speculation and speculation, as Mr. Thorpe points out in his chapter of "Hints to the Small Investor." For the married small investor, Mr. Thorpe thinks an endowment policy is, after all, the best investment. It certainly saves all worry. A useful and informing book.

In *The Double Choir of Glasgow Cathedral: A Study of Rib Vaulting* (Hedderwick & Sons, Glasgow) Mr. Thomas Lennox Watson is in the position of an architect coming to the aid of the historian. There are few documentary records of the history of Glasgow Cathedral, and, therefore, it is in the cathedral itself that the missing story must be sought. This source of information is, again, narrowed down to the art of rib-vaulting, of which the cathedral presents some important types of different periods. It is by a technical examination of these vaultings that Mr. Watson endeavours to elucidate the history of Glasgow Cathedral. His obvious mastery of his subject, and the care with which the publishers have produced his treatise, will commend this handsome book to its predestined readers. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

Fiction.

A Pair of Patient Lovers. By W. D. Howells.
(Harpers. 6s.)

FIVE short stories make up this volume, which is delightfully bound, contains a portrait in colours of the author, and is the first of a "Portrait Collection of Short Stories." Those who know and love the ease and suavity of Mr. Howells, his delicate appreciation of the finer shades of emotion, his sportive play upon the surface of life with but a passing glimpse into the deeper pools, will find him at his best in the story of the *Pair of Patient Lovers*. We meet again the "happy married lovers"—those of the *Wedding Journey*—and, as usual, they are tremendously interested in the affairs of other lovers whose happiness is trembling in the balance. Says Mrs. March:

"I am getting no good of the summer at all. I shall go home in the fall more jaded and worn out than when I came. To think that we should have this beautiful place, where we could be so happy and comfortable, if it were not for having this abnormal situation under our nose and eyes all the time!"

"Abnormal? I don't call it abnormal," I began, and I was sensible of my wife's thoughts leaving her own injuries for my point of view so swiftly that I could almost hear them whir.

The abnormal situation is caused by Mrs. Bentley, the invalid mother, who will permit the engagement of her daughter to the young clergyman of Gormanville, but refuses to dispense with her nurse and consent to the marriage. We follow the eight years of patient waiting only through the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. March. That is Mr. Howells's well-known method—the working from the eye to the implication. The method has its limitations. It never presents the story from the inside. But Mr. Howells is supreme in his power of inference from the pose of a head or the angle of an eyebrow. Of the other stories in this volume, "The Pursuit of the Piano" is the most whimsical, and the slightest. And the thing is so well done that one almost forgets to ask whether it were worth the doing by such a master of his art as Mr. Howells.

The Vicar of St. Luke's. By Sibyl Creed.
(Longmans. 6s.)

THIS is a story of parochial life, and a very good one. It is also an essay in controversy, and from that point of view, too, it is good. The Vicar is a familiar type. Knowing little of either theology or history, he is an enthusiastic maintainer of the "pure Catholic" tradition of the Church of England, and bent upon carrying his parish with him in his efforts to introduce into the services some elegancies of ritual. That man is very honest. The loss of his betrothed—for his convinced preference for the single state had not saved him—brings him to an examination of his position which results in his finding rest at last, "full in the panting heart of Rome"; he is left in the earliest stage of the strenuous process by which Jesuits are made.

Of another kind is Docker, the senior curate; a fashionable man, of accomplishments, who is not actually insincere and not quite a gentleman, but clever and capable. In the bosom of the family he can satirise the position rather effectively. Thus:

"That's a grand principle we've got ourselves provided with, certainly. . . . Put clearly, it amounts to this. The hierarchical institution of the Anglican Church is absolutely sacred, and to be bowed down to and venerated, hang Dissenters, you know; at the same time, it is quite plain that we Catholic clergy within the aforesaid Church owe obedience to our ecclesiastical superiors only in matters as to which our ecclesiastical superiors show themselves duly submissive to the opinions of us Catholic clergy. Great, isn't it?"

This clear-eyed young man is very properly rewarded with a minor canonry, and, presently, when he has grown "broad," with a fat benefice.

The half-pay Colonel, new-converted by the Vicar's eloquence on the subject of altar-lights, characteristically expresses his convictions in this simple-hearted way:

"The Roman Church may answer all right for people who have the misfortune to belong to it, but I've nothing to do with that. What I can't make a pig-headed fellow like Bind see is that we—we pure and uncorrupted Catholics—are really the grand bulwark against the spread of the errors of Rome in this country. The grand, the principal bulwark!"

You hear him?

But our allusion to the Vicar's eloquence reminds us that Miss Creed has a dreadful habit of interlarding her good story with little bits of extremely thin rhetoric—like this:

Eloquence, eloquence, in thyself more powerful, more sweet, more bewitching than all the other gifts under Heaven given to man, and, therefore, perhaps bestowed on him by the Divine wisdom most rarely of all; beautiful eloquence, how simply and royally didst thou enter into possession of thine own!

Let us find consolation in the thought that a lady young enough to write that, and a good deal of the same sort, in the midst of so much that is really good, will soon be old enough to laugh at it. We hoped for some time that we had at last lighted upon a novel without a love interest. There is one, but you can easily skip it. The morbid little milliner, on the other hand, as a study in hysteria, is worthy of consideration.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final Reviews of a selection will follow.]

SISTER TERESA.

BY GEORGE MOORE.

This long, closely-printed volume is the sequel to *Evelyn Innes*. "After being engaged for two years on the history of *Evelyn Innes*," says Mr. Moore in the preface, "I found I had completed a great pile of MS., and one day it occurred to me to consider the length of this MS. To my surprise I found I had written about 150,000 words, and had only finished the first half of my story. I explained my difficulties to my publisher, suggesting that I should end the chapter I was then writing on what musicians would call 'a full close,' and that half the story should be published under the title of *Evelyn Innes* and half under the title of *Sister Teresa*. My publisher consented, frightened at the thought of a novel of a thousand pages—300,000 words." (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

EVELYN INNES.

BY GEORGE MOORE.

A sixpenny edition, much revised, and ninety pages shorter than the original. "The story," says Mr. Moore in the preface, "has not been altered, but the text is almost entirely new. No one, perhaps, has rewritten a book so completely. I am aware that the alteration of a published text is deprecated in the Press, but it is difficult to understand why, for have not Shakespeare and Balzac and Goethe and Wagner and Fitzgerald rewritten their works? Among my contemporaries, Mr. George Meredith and Mr. W. B. Yeats have followed the example of their illustrious predecessors." (Fisher Unwin. 6d.)

THE LADY OF LYNN.

BY SIR WALTER BESANT.

This story was appearing in a contemporary at the time of the author's death. It is an historical novel, after the

style of *The Orange Girl*, beginning: "The happiest day of my life, up to that time, because I should be the basest and the most ungrateful of men were I not to confess that I have since enjoyed many days far excelling in happiness that day, was the 20th of June, in the year of Grace 1747. For on that day, being my nineteenth birthday, I was promoted, though so young, to be mate or chief officer on board my ship, the *Lady of Lynn*, Captain Jaggard, then engaged in the Lisbon trade." (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

THE HONOUR OF THE ARMY.

BY EMILE ZOLA.

Nine stories by M. Zola, translated by "various hands," edited, with a preface, by Mr. Vizetelly. Most of the tales were written several years ago, and appeared in the pages of a Russian review. "They show," says Mr. Vizetelly, "their author in a variety of moods, and, if some may seem sombre and tragic, the reader will find others of a very different kind—one, indeed, which is all joviality, whilst another is brimful of quiet humour." (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

THE COUNTRY I CAME FROM.

BY HENRY LAWSON.

The country Mr. Lawson comes from is Australia, where he has a considerable reputation as a writer of stories, and of verse. He is known, too, in this country. The present volume contains a selection of stories and sketches from his *While the Billy Boils*; *Over the Sliprails*, and *On the Track*. The book contains no table of contents. (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE HERO.

BY W. S. MAUGHAM.

A story of modern life, with a tragic ending, by the author of *Liza of Lambeth*. It is one of the many new novels that make some use of the Boer War. In the beginning Colonel and Mrs. Parsons are awaiting the return from South Africa of Jamie, who has been recommended for the Victoria Cross. Jamie did not manage his life well. A novel "engagement present" is mentioned on the last page—"a complete edition of the works of Mr. Hall Caine." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

KING'S END.

BY ALICE BROWN.

"She was a young woman, brilliant with the promise of a beauty not yet altogether hers. Somewhat thin, according to the type of lithe New England maids, her figure was straight, well-poised, and made to move in rhythm." That was Nancy Eliot as she came down from Thimble Mountain, where a religious meeting had been held, to the village of King's End. The story is all about the village folk and their affairs. (Constable. 6s.)

THE DOMINE'S GARDEN.

BY IMOGEN CLARK.

"T'en one tay, v'en Annetje is maype a year olt, I come home. It is in t'e spring ant sickness ant sorrow are in t'e lant, only not in my house, t'ank Kott." That is how the Domine talks in this American historical novel. It begins with a long letter from Captain John Bellenden to Sir Harry Fenwick, Bart., from New York, dated 1757. (John Murray. 6s.)

THEY THAT TOOK THE SWORD.

BY N. STEPHENSON.

A well-written story of the American Civil War. Lincoln comes into it—"They were almost startled by the womanly gentleness of his face, it had seemed so repellent the moment before." The story begins on the thirtieth night of August, 1862. Miss Amy Golding sat at her window. Below stairs her grandfather, with several of his friends, sat at wine in the dining-room. She heard them start a song. It was the "Star Spangled Banner." (Lane. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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The Poetry of William Blake.

"ONE thought fills immensity," says William Blake. He not only defines the supreme quality of thought—he constantly attains it; and his works—the actual books themselves—come to be regarded in a mystical sense as symbols of the Two Infinities—the infinitely great and the infinitely little, both of which were included in his extraordinary range of vision. Messrs. Methuen's latest addition to the "Little Library" series, *Selections from the Works of William Blake*, is uniform in size and appearance with the other volumes of the series that have preceded it; and yet it looms larger than them all, because even in *Selections* William Blake has the thoughts that fill immensity.

This dainty little volume contains an interesting portrait of the poet taken from a life-mask, and an adequate, and at times luminous, introduction by Mark Perugini. In glancing over the *Selections*, the wonder at the special epoch of Blake's advent grows more and more.

It is on the threshold of that most formal of all literary portals—the portal giving access to the over-perfumed chambers and artificial parterres of the eighteenth century—that we encounter the unique and arresting personality of William Blake. He flashes across an age of barren fact and arid minutiae, the lighting of an extraordinary imagination. His faith burns with splendid intensity in the dry air of universal scepticism. While others labour with sterile assiduity in the schools of style, he is inspired with words direct from heaven! and over the eighteenth century litter of "puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux," his child-songs float, buoyant and radiant as sunlit thistledown on a rhythmic wind.

At every point his genius clashes with the conventions of his time; he bears kinship in simplicity of symbol and magnificent concreteness of vision to the Dreamer of Revelation; he is brother to Chaucer in freshness of outlook and joy of heart; and Mr. Swinburne links his name with the noblest interpreter of the modern democratic spirit, drawing a parallel between Blake and Walt Whitman in common sweetness of personality and bold outspokenness of view.

For such range and intensity of vision as his, one medium in art was insufficient; and his drawings are as vital as his poems. It is only by doing violence that we dis sever the text of his *Lyrics* from the lovely designs wherein he set them—designs wherein, to quote Mr. Swinburne, "herb and stem break into grace of shape and blossoming form, and the branch work is full of little flames and flowers, catching as it were from the verse enclosed the fragrant heat and delicate sound they seem to give back."

Blake's extraordinary originality of mind is manifested even in the manner of producing his books: his own hand printed and engraved them by a method all his own. In all things he stands without precursor or successor, absolutely alone; his precise and politic age neglected and misunderstood him, and still much remains that is obscure, both in his life and in his work. Yet the simplest and the tenderest child-notes that have ever found their way into verse come to us out of his "Songs of Innocence." They

are full of the joy of the child, of the happy faith of the child. In reading them we seem to understand something of the ancient teaching that set the child above the wisest of men; and all the old forgotten beauty of aspiration after "Mercy, pity, peace, and love," comes back with a new light. Blake's *Lyrics* have the quality of absolute spontaneity, and beside them the most child-like of song is apt to appear stilted and self-conscious. His simplicity of phrase is never the result of paucity of thought; rather it reveals the closest and most loving understanding of children and animals—that insight that Thomas à Kempis tells us is born of purity. The mind that was filled with such tenderness for the lamb, included the comprehension of the tiger, and bent into shape that poem magnificent for might and restraint:

Tiger, tiger burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Framed thy fearful symmetry?

As faith and love were the corner-stones of Blake's creed, so doubt and cruelty he regarded as the two most heinous offences against heaven.

If the sun and moon should doubt
 They'd immediately go out,

he says in "Auguries of Innocence," a poem regarded by Mr. W. M. Rossetti as "one of Blake's noblest performances," and by Dr. Richard Garnett as "little remote from nonsense."

It is to be noted that many of Blake's poems were composed in early youth. "The Poetical Sketches," written between the ages of twelve and twenty, contain some of his most perfect work, and are, according to Dr. Richard Garnett, "little short of miraculous." Take this verse from "To Spring":

Come o'er the Eastern hills and let our winds
 Kiss thy perfumed garments; let us taste
 Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls
 Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee.

Here we have all that goes to make up beauty; perfect form, music, and image; and that elusive light and colour that defies analysis, but that is felt to be the very essence of poetry. We give some other lovely lines from "To the Evening Star":

Let thy west wind sleep on
 The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
 And wash the dusk with silver.

It is not easy to realise that the Blake of the *Songs of Innocence* and *Experience* is also the Blake of the *Prophetic Writings*—works of so obscure a meaning that the most patient of investigators have found them hard to decipher. The editor of the present *Selections* can only find room for "The Book of Thel," "Proverbs of Hell," from the "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," and a fragment from "Jerusalem." But in his introduction he makes several interesting points, distinguishing between prophecy and prediction, and giving some suggestive notes on mysticism, perhaps a little too dogmatically expressed. Then Mr. Swinburne has given the *Prophetic Books* loving study, and we have the light of his essay to help us; and Messrs. Ellis and W. B. Yeats have written an interpretation remarkable for its microscopic research, in which even the charts, on such subjects as the "Symbolic use of the Triad in the Structure of the Poem," illustrate the difficulty of elucidation. How are we to bridge the period of "The Lamb," and the period of "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," "The Daughters of Albion," "Milton," "Jerusalem," and the rest?

On consideration, simplicity is not, after all, so remote from mysticism. It is the men of simplest life and soul that have been the greatest dreamers, and the truths most

unapprehendable have had the simplest objects for symbols. The thistledown holds within its wings the possibility of groping roots, that dream of purple colour even in the dark earth. From childhood upwards, Blake was a seer of visions. On this insufficient evidence is based the assumption of his madness. The question is amply discussed in Mr. Gilchrist's admirable "Life," and need not concern us here. The step from a visionary to a mystic is not a long one. Behind this material world of appearances, Blake saw the spirit-world, which he conceived to be the reality. Outward vision he counted a snare, and the inner vision alone to be trusted:

We are led to believe a lie
When we see *with*, not *through* the eye,

he says in one place: and in another: "I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance and not action." Nevertheless, he was bound of necessity to use material symbols as the only medium of expressing his huge abstract conceptions: and yet on his own statement he finally lost sense of the value of the images he employed. Hence the resultant confusion.

Traces of mysticism are discoverable even in the earlier works. There is the faint light of another world showing through in this verse from "The Little Black Boy":

And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

In the "Songs of Experience" there lives one of the most haunting abstractions in literature. The lines are in the invocation to earth, and are among the most beautiful that Blake has written:

Hear the voice of the Bard
Who present, past, and future sees;
Whose ears have heard
Thy Holy Word
That walked among the ancient trees;
Calling the lapsèd soul,
And weeping in the evening dew;
That might control
The starry pole
And fallen, fallen light renew!

This exquisite personification was the forerunner of the uncouth hieroglyphs that figure in the Prophetic Writings. It should be said, however, that these books contain isolated passages of great beauty; and that "The Book of Thel," in particular, despite the differences of commentators, is easy of interpretation. This poem may appeal to those—if there be any such—to whom "The Songs of Innocence" appear somewhat trivial, and who are repelled by the obscurity of the later work. Thel's address to the lily of the valley is memorable, not so much for grace and delicacy as for the intimate revelation of an exquisite flower-soul. Chaucer's daisy alone is worthy to stand beside it:

Thel answered: "O thou little virgin of the peaceful valley,
Giving to those that cannot crave, the voiceless, the o'ertired,
Thy breath doth nourish the innocent lamb; he smells thy milky garments,
He crops thy flowers, while thou sittest smiling in his face."

Limits of space, unfortunately, prevent mention being made of more than one other passage from the Prophetic Writings. The description of the lark in "Milton" gives Blake a not unworthy place beside the lovers of that most favoured bird:

He leads the choir of day; trill, trill, trill, trill:
Mounting upon the wings of light into the great expanse;
Re-echoing against the lovely blue and the shining heavenly shell;

His little throat labours with inspiration, every feather
On throat and breast and wings vibrates with the
effluence divine.

With this passage we may fittingly close; taken symbolically, it is not inapplicable to Blake himself. "Trill, trill, trill, trill," stands for the very notes of his joyous child-songs; few poets can lay claim to a more genuine inspiration; and no one poet combined as he did the warm love for the meanest of earth-things—the worm, the pebble, the clod of clay—with the same capacity for soaring into the infinite abstractions of the empyrean.

Things Seen.

Renouncement.

THE great west door was wide. From the sunshine I gazed deep in to where six high candles glowed like red doubts through a fog of incense. Mass was over; the organ was mute. Even as I looked, a boy in a gauzy surplice was extinguishing, from right to left three, from left to right other three, of the candles. Yet the people stayed; not in their seats, but crowding on foot the gangway of the nave, approaching the altar at snail's pace.

Skirting the tail of the throng I found my way to the north aisle, which commanded a view of the whole church.

At the entrance to the choir sat a young man gorgeous in red and gold. One by one the people knelt before him. He offered his hands, open palm downwards, to receive the reverent kiss. Then the hands sundered, and the right waved the sign of benediction over a bowed head.

Time after time the little ceremony was repeated. There were men who bent silver heads; a tottering, old fellow in workhouse garb; another whom I fancied a veteran colonel of cavalry—men who in their own way had lived out their lives. A grave young sailor received the blessing, and a sergeant of the Irish Guards. Two little lads in sailor suits could hardly be persuaded to rise. There were proud, ugly women, and young girls in summer gowns (these came away, some of them, with tears in their honest eyes), frowsy beggar women, a girl with a crutch in a shouting violet frock, and a Eurasian ayah with bangles on her feet. Saxon, Celt, Latin—you might distinguish the types. All the players in this little drama showed some sign of emotion—all but one—the little lonely young man in red and gold. The self-seeking world might worship the Renouncement it dared not emulate; but he, with his eyes bent down, saw none of them. At every instant of respite his hands fell into his lap and his fasting body drooped. He was dead tired.

The Critic.

WE have a spasmodic acquaintance, for on about three days out of the seven he drives the 'bus on which I travel homeward at night. He is a "superior man," owning the 'bus he drives, with a son who is a sergeant-major and a daughter who wears pretty hats and sometimes rides on father's 'bus. This sunny afternoon I was introduced to her with a jerk of the whip, for she had been to visit her aunt at Old Ford and father had picked her up. The driver is superior and having discovered that I am a "writing gentleman," discusses with me the fringe of literature: such as the relative merits of the *Mail* and the *Express*. This afternoon the presence of the daughter in the pretty hat elated him, and as we rolled down Piccadilly he threw over his shoulder news of the purchase of some Encyclopædia or other, news which was half lost in the roar of traffic. But the pretty hat twinkled with triumph. At St. George's Hospital we pulled up. "Ever notice that?" said the

driver. I followed the direction of his whip. Across the hospital, with windows between, ran the inscription:

SUPPORTED BY
VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

The pretty hat twinkled again as I said that hospitals should be supported by the rates. "But it's wrong," said the driver. "It ain't grammar. Supported voluntary!" The horses started towards Knightsbridge. At Albert Gate we were stopped by the traffic. "It ought to be voluntarily," said the driver. "That's grammar. I bin talking about that for the last ten years." "But why not read it across?" I suggested. "Supported by Voluntary Contributions. That's grammar." He looked doubtfully over his shoulder at me, and fell into silence. The pretty hat ceased to twinkle, and as I descended from the bus I was rather sorry to have spoiled a triumph which had lasted so long.

Sartor Re-read.

THERE is a certain tremour in returning to a book which has been an *avatar* to one's youth, an author who has been among the authentic gods of one's dawning years. Can that early impression survive the hard light of settled judgment? How many a figure which once loomed to us colossal has shrunk to most human dimensions in that searching light! To one it is the Byron of his youth that has thus wilted away; to another the Tennyson that has revealed unsuspected limitations. However, a final judgment may resolve that the divinity, after all, was there. It is an experiment nigh as dubious as the re-reading of young love-letters. These reflections are suggested to us by turning over the elaborate new edition of "*Sartor Resartus*," edited for Messrs. Black by Mr. J. A. S. Barrett. It is an excellent edition in most respects, with a quite admirable introduction; though the incessant foot-notes irritatingly insist on informing us about everything, from the situation of Downing-street to that of Otaheite. But what concerned us was apart from all editions. It was how *Sartor* would read, thus verily *Resartus*, by matured judgment, after having long lain on the shelf of reverencing memory.

On the whole, there was small need for fear. What it loses in perception of defects (and that mostly discounted by general knowledge of the Carlylean weaknesses) it gains by deeper perception of its fundamental depths. What first strikes you is the remaining evidences in it of what one might call the prehistoric Carlyle style. You had not remembered—rather, had not noticed this. At the outset of the book you find sentences of an almost flowing symmetry and orderliness, well-nigh balance, quite unlooked-for in the author of the *French Revolution*. Take the very first:

Considering our present advanced state of culture, and how the Torch of Science has now been brandished and borne about, with more or less effect, for five thousand years and upwards; how, in these times especially, not only the torch still burns, and perhaps more fiercely than ever, but innumerable Rush-lights, and sulphur matches, kindled thereat, are also glancing in every direction, so that not the smallest cranny or dog-hole in Nature or Art can remain unilluminated—it might strike the reflective mind with some surprise that hitherto little or nothing of a fundamental character, whether in the way of philosophy or history, has been written on the subject of Clothes.

Had Carlyle never written but so, he would not have perturbed our fathers and grandfathers with such deep dismay, not to say scandal, at his revolutionary assaults on the English tongue. But as he warms to his work, he falls into that "Babylonish dialect" which we recognise for genuine Carlylese. The phrase cleaves to it not inaptly for good no

less than for ill. It has a certain Babylonian spaciousness of barbaric and primæval grandeur, amazing and imposing, even while it offends a Greek sense of form and clearness. On its ill side he has himself described it with that felicitous and aloof sense of self-criticism which some of the greatest authors possess—believing in themselves far too strongly not to be capable of amused laughter at themselves.

Of his sentences perhaps not more than nine-tenths stand straight on their legs; the remainder are in quite angular attitudes, buttressed up by props (of parentheses and dashes), and ever with this or the other tag-rag hanging from them; a few even sprawl-out helplessly on all sides, quite broken-backed and dismembered.

That is as severe and true a criticism as could be passed on the mechanics of his style. A more damaging charge is the fact that his peculiarities are so largely imported. The other day we heard a man disrelish Carlyle's style on the ground that he (the speaker) "knew German." It is to be wished that Carlyle were less Germanic: the least tolerable of mannerisms are foreign mannerisms. But under this German vesture the body of his style is, after all, racily English. His way is largely the way of a man condensing remarks in a notebook, and makes for pregnancy. With all his juggling and sword-brandishing, Carlyle's manner is essentially pregnant, hieroglyphic; his packed and gnarled sentences, no less than his constant images, are in the nature of hieroglyphs; the mechanism of his style is indeed the complement of its internal character, and both are labour-saving devices, means for putting much in a little room.

The great passages fall on the ear as splendidly and authoritatively as of yore; they have taken no rust from the inclemency of time. If here and there one finds a passage stilted, an all too deliberate effect after poetic effects in prose, the best have yet the unsought eloquence and elevation of deep personal feeling. They roll like boulders down a mountain slope, with rough, thunderous jar and concussion, yet striking out a harmony in their rugged contact beyond the reach of shaped and quarried law. Fiery and fuliginous (to use his own favoured word), with rent and streaming storm-rack of turmoiled imagery, their splendour zig-zags against a ground of murky and jostling utterance, from which they emerge and into which they fall back. Or one might say these sudden and strongly contrasted passages of eloquence which fleck the tortured mass of his general speech are as the blue eye of the typhoon, opening a steady deep in the midst of the whirling blackness around. Such are some of those fragments in the "Everlasting Yea," or the emergence of Teufelsdröckh on the granite battlements of the Polar Sea.

But *Sartor* is nothing if not a semi-prophetic book, as prophecy goes nowadays: it is in this aspect that it appeals to or repels us; it is its gleams and rifts of truth that focus the attention. For here also Carlyle is every way the reverse of equable and self-contained, moving by stormful and uncertain energies, with sudden swirling sunward rushes, whence he swerves with baffled and beating pinions to collect himself for another upward dart. His teaching, tempestuous and fitful, abounds in cloven profundities of gloom, and luminous interpaces of height. By these, in the main, we must gauge him. Nor must we attribute to him more than he claimed for himself, or deny his limitations. To him Christianity was a dissolved or dissolving myth, the spirit of which survived, awaiting incarnation in some new and modern *mythus*. To supply that reincarnation he addressed himself; yet in the main awakened only a yearning and most justified dissatisfaction with the sordid age in which he lived, but failed to satisfy the yearning he created. "Carlyle," said Clough, "has led us all out into the wilderness and left us there." Many truths are to be found in him, in this *Sartor* above all; but

Truth herself shows flittingly through shifting vapours, doubtful if she were seen at all. In an age of the grossest materiality, no smug "scientific" explanations could loosen his clutch on the perpetual Pentecostal miracle of Nature. He saw and burningly proclaimed her to be manifestly wonderful and prophetic. No rationalism could shut from him the inwardness which was latent in all outwardness; externality almost ceased for him in the miraculous light which permeated and emanated from it. For this and things like these *Sartor* is most thankful. The maturer one is the more one discerns and honours these penetrant glimpses which for an instant make matter translucent. Yet glimpses they are, and instantaneous, transient. Perhaps they could not be otherwise—certainly not in Carlyle. Cloud-tossed and lightning-torn because himself could never get to himself any clear account of what he knew or believed as a whole; because his burning intuitions could never combine into any diffused radiance of system. And those who despise system, be sure, are those who cannot see life whole, but only by brief intensity of levin-flashes which leave behind momentary spaces of clear vision skirted by darkness and "the collied night." Such are apt to confound true system with the iron pedantry which narrows all truth within a brick-built Babel, circumvallated by courses of "logic formulæ"—as Carlyle himself would phrase it. "How paint to the sensual eye what passes in the Holy-of-Holies of Man's Soul; in what words, known to these profane times, speak even afar off of the unspeakable?" he asks. Which is most true; yet he who confines himself wholly to such swift-dislimning adumbrations of partly glimpsed truths, however super-sensual, cannot claim to be a complete teacher, even on our mundane and imperfect plane of completeness, where Christ Himself did not teach all things, leaving that to the spirit in each man's heart. So Carlyle is a teacher "as in a glass darkly," a teacher by fits and glimpses; from whom they will learn most who least attempt the vanity of systematising him, of "giving an account" of him. So we have seen a photograph of Vesuvius in eruption, where the tightly-defined edges of the voluming vapours were as strenuously false to the truth of nature as they were faithful to the rigid logic of the hard-eyed camera. These volcanic Carlylean shapes of truth you cannot photograph and reduce to linear definition, mingled as they are with scorine showers of misperception and even untruth. For least of all men had this eruptive, prejudiced peasant any infallibility. An infallible Scotsman were too frightful a portent for the world or his country to endure. Often, indeed, would we fain display where Carlyle followed hot and fierce as any bloodhound the trail of truth, and where he stopped, suddenly balked, as by that magic rock-door which shut out the lame boy who pursued the wake of the Pied Piper; but we withhold. For our business here has been a little semi-retrospective criticism, not to prophesy regarding a partial prophet.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Correspondence.

What is True Poetry?

SIR,—Your issue of June 29 affords much help towards the solution of this question.

In your article on Mr. Meredith's new volume you make it clear that a true poem must be pervaded through and through with a spirit of deep emotion. The heaven-born Promethean fire must not be wanting; else the reader is left cold, his pulses are not stirred, his interest is not quickened. True poetry, as Matthew Arnold teaches us, has a power to form, sustain, and delight our souls. It is evident, if it can do all this, that it must appeal to the

emotions. It must be the medium by means of which the emotion is conveyed from the soul of the poet to our own.

There is a tendency in certain quarters to see very little merit in our modern poetry. But surely—to mention the name of one present-day poet—those who are acquainted at all with the poems of Mr. William Watson know how exquisitely he can give expression to his emotions. "*Vita Nuova*" may be referred to as an instance of his power in this respect.

I should like to quote the passage beginning:

Me the Spring,
Me also, dimly with new life hath touched,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;

but it is too long to give in a short letter.

In the current issue of the *ACADEMY* you quote the words of the Professor of Poetry at Oxford, in which he insists on the necessity of suggestiveness in poetry.

What is it that makes that phrase of *Æschylus*, which may be rendered "the myriad smile" (*ἀνιράθμον γέλασμα*) of ocean, a possession for ever to the lover of poetry? Is it not the suggestiveness of it? Does it not call up to our view the vast surface of the sea sparkling in the sunlight?

There is one more essential of true poetry: it is beauty. The poet can only successfully appeal to our emotions or suggest thoughts to us if his verses have a haunting melody and chasm of diction.—I am, etc.,

H. P. WRIGHT.

Elsdon, Otterburn, Northumberland.

"Australasia, Old and New."

SIR,—As I am only too pleased to find my book reviewed in a periodical of the literary standing of the *ACADEMY*, I am somewhat reluctant to say anything by way of complaint; but I think you will see that an injustice has been done me—unintentionally, of course—in your recent review, which says:

Mr. Grey does not believe in Imperial Federation, and holds that Australia will become an independent nation. Putting aside the ingratitude of the idea, it is difficult to see how a few millions of white people in Australia, who do not number in all the Colonies—men, women, and children all told—as many as the inhabitants of London, would be able to resist the ambitions of Germany and France. Mr. Grey has a keen apprehension of the presence of those European Powers in Australasian waters, but he apparently does not see how utterly helpless the great island continent would be were it not for the British fleet.

The italics are mine. As this is exactly the reverse of what I *do* see, please permit me to quote from my book on the subject, as follows:

The work of nation-building has just begun; many decades must pass before Australia is in a position of self-reliance; her present population, scarcely numbering five million souls, must increase to twenty or thirty millions of people, and enormous sums of money must be expended in perfecting a scheme of internal and external defence. But all these things will assuredly come to pass in the fulness of time; her geographical position and conditions differing so greatly from those of the Northern Hemisphere, will be special arguments to support her claims for complete control of her own affairs, internal as well as external, and no Statesman will be found to resist those claims whenever they are advanced, as they certainly will be, years, perhaps, before the present century draws to a close. . . . Therefore, Australia has much to do before she can dispense with the protection of Great Britain, and it would be madness to dream of doing that under existing circumstances. The danger of doing it is too evident for Australia to ignore her dependence upon the Mother Land. That she recognises the necessity of maintaining the connection is clear from the anxiety she displays with regard to the encroachments of Foreign Powers in the Pacific. On one hand she

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THRO' THE PASS OF LLANBERIS.

Yon...at the end of the valley,
Storm-wrack and cloud before—
Thro' the wild pass of Llanberis
To the gleam of a southern shore.

So, thro' the gulfs of sorrow,
Thro' anguish of heart and mind,
One only hope to my journey,
One haven of peace I find.

Yet, if that hope should fail me,
That home in the valley fair,
Alone, 'mid the wastes of the mountains,
Must I wrestle with despair!

HAVE WE NOT MET?

Have we not met, and must we weep
Because our paths divide?
Have we not pass'd from steep to steep
Upon the mountain side?—
Our sun, if we had never met,
In passionless content had set.

Have we not met, and can we find
No antidote to pain?
Are thought and memory both resign'd?
Doth nothing sweet remain?
Thou wouldst not we had never met,
And thou been spared this wild regret?

Have we not met—what wouldst thou more,
The Paradisal flowers?
If Fate should not our love restore,
Eternity is ours!—
And in those happy fields are set
The long, lost hours of our regret.

WITHERED HOPES.

Last night my heart was as a fading Rose,
Which in an Urn of Tears I did dispose:
When Dawn looked down from out her pearly throne,
The Rose was left, but ah! the Scent was flown.

SHE WHOM THOU LOVEST.

O heart, my heart!
Why tost in tempest throes?
She, whom thou lovest,
Cares not for thy joy,
Cares not for thy woe,
Then let her go!

O beauteous Truth!
Why is thy heart so wrung?
She, whom thou lovedst,
Is false to thee and thine,
Is false to me and mine,
Then why repine?

O kindly stars!
Why shed thy tears for her?
Or is it mine own blinding pain
That sees tears in thy glistening rain?
Oh, join with me to forget!
Leave not a way for regret!
And yet....and yet!....

REJECTED.

You cast my soul to the four winds of heaven,
You hurl me, passionate, upon the sea of life—
And all that I in love have madly given
Comes back to me in strife!

FROM THE NATURE POEMS.

THE RING-DOVE.

'Mid beechy umbrage, bosky dell,
'Tis there the Ring-dove loves to dwell,
And, when the fiery noon is high,
Croon softly to the sapphire sky.

Like plashing waters heard at even,
In which the sunset lights are riven,
His mellow voice is soft and cool
As moonbeams on a silent pool.

Not here the upward-soaring lark
With quivering throat can pierce the dark;
The Nightingale might sing in vain
Within the Ring-dove's hush'd domain.

Thy song is like a Summer dream
Beside some gently-rilling stream—
A vale where quiet hearts may rest
And in Love's sanctity be blest.

Amid the lush and waving grass,
I watch the shadows as they pass,
And in thy leafy covert find
A solace to my wounded mind—
That Life is short, and Art is vain;
All unpremeditate thy strain!
That Love is long, and Virtue sure,
And wedded bliss is more and more.

TWILIGHT.

O mystic Hour! when day and night
Seem spell-bound with the fading light,
When hill and valley, dale and grove,
Bespeak none other voice but Love.

Recumbent on her couch of pine,
With languorous grace and dewy eyne,
The Queen of Heaven doth now unfold
Her fatal beauty limn'd in gold.

Whilst on the air the bat's bent wings
Add witchery to earthly things,
As, sailing with uneven flight,
He mocks the shadows of the night.

Now doth my spirit feel a part
Of ONE, Great, Universal Heart—
The bond of fellowship at least
'Twixt Man and Nature, bird and beast.

SUNDOWN.

The noises of day come out distinct and clear
While children's voices break the muffled roar
That rises from the village. Evermore
The babble of birds disturbs the dreaming ear.
The ring-dove gurgles from a coppice near,
The lark just flits above his wheaten floor,
And tired of climbing seeks his nestlings four,
Whilst swallows cleave the laden atmosphere.

The bloom of fruit is on the distant fir,
The valley fills with soft and filmy spray,
The breeze just fans the face and dies away,
And not a leaf within the forest stirs.
The sun goes down upon the throbbing air,
And leaves the hills more silent than they were.

ON DEATH.

Why shouldst thou fear, since Death must come?
Why, Mortal, shouldst thou fear the tomb?
Thou canst not one sweet minute gain,
Nor stay the Hand that stilleth pain!
Then bravely meet the silent Foe,—
If Foe He be, Who ends thy woe,—
For at the worst Forgetfulness,
And at the best great Happiness,
Will minister to thy distress,
And make the parting less and less!

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regards with apprehension the possibility of France getting possession of the New Hebrides, and on the other she sees Germany permanently installed in New Guinea and Samoa. Left to herself just now, these two Powers would be a constant source of uneasiness to Australia, and that danger would be intensified if she had not the protection and assistance of Great Britain to rely on. Complete national independence will not be sought for, therefore, until Australia feels absolutely sure of her position from being able to defend herself against foreign attack, and when that stage of her development is reached the leave-taking between Great Britain and Australia will be one of mutual friendliness and best wishes on the part of the old nation and the new.

From the foregoing extract you will see, Mr. Editor, that there is no justification for the statement in your review that Mr. Grey "apparently does not see how utterly helpless the great island-continent would be were it not for the British fleet."—I am, etc.,

J. GRATTAN GREY.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall-place, S.W.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 93 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best verses, not exceeding sixteen lines, in praise of the strawberry. We award it to Mr. Alfred Edward Wright, 21, Bentinck-street, Greenock, for the following:

Most welcome, palate-tempting loveliness!
Dear to the eye, refreshment of dull thought!
Shall we not linger o'er thee to express
The triple charm from nature's wildness caught?

Slow-tinted by the various moods that run
Through secret alchemy of tireless powers,
Like a fair jewel hung against the sun,
Thou comest from the tomb of faded flowers.

Thou dost recall the outworn breath of spring,
The soft compulsion of June's warm embrace,
And the choice air of freshness thou dost bring
Tells that the transient summer grows apace.

Much more our thoughts to careless hours invite,
And pleasant meetings by cool wood and field;
Where we may taste anew the brief delight
Of the full life which may such beauty yield.

Other verses received are as follows:

Dear crimson globule hiding there,
So coyly 'mid thy dark green leaves,
As luscious and as sweet as fair,
As they know well, the feathered thieves!

Plum, peach, and apricot must bow
Their dainty heads abashed to thee;
The ripest raspberry, I vow,
Shall never win a stave from me.

God's choicest gift thou art, my friend,
Beloved by all in every home;
And then how beautiful thy end,
To find a grave in creamy foam!

Oh! may we when life's sun has set,
Still meet thee in thy winsome guise,
And see thee, born sweeter yet,
In some enchanted Paradise!

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

When dainty June spreads out a shade
As fresh as Katie's grenadine,
And underneath the swaying green
Anette the damask cloth has laid;
When Bessie hints a thirsty smile,
I seek the luscious strawb'ry pile.

'Tis not alone his royal dress
Of scarlet set with beads of gold,
Nor perfume, fine as Rhenish old,
Nor frail white blossom's loveliness,
That bids me crown the strawb'ry fair—
He hath a charm more debonair.

He comes with dancing and delight,
When balls are many, eyes are bright,
With garden parties and—the rest;
In fine, when ladies look their best.

[R. O. S., London.]

Many rare fruits the June month giveth,
Myriad flowers she jubilant shows,
Flaunts to the sun her lilacs and lilies,
Paints the earth with her glorious rose:
Proud she is of her various beauties,
Sweet to smell and lovely to see,
But of her children none can challenge,
Strawberry red, thy peer to be.

Surely thou in the Garden of Eden
Hadst no place, else never had Eve
Yearned for the apple of doom and trouble—
Trouble eternal o'er which we grieve!
Had she but known thy luscious flavour—
Subtle and sensuous as finest wine—
Never an apple that grew had tempted
Eve to incur the wrath Divine.

[A. A. B., West Bromwich.]

To most men strawberries are a simple fruit:
To me they are an emblem, for to me
They conjure from the realms of memory
The spoiling of a flannel boating suit;
For there is that in their consistency
Softer than any strains of Phoebus' lute.

Now let the lyre reveal their hidden worth,
Now let the nations realise their scope—
Blushing as redly as the Rose of Hope,
Compressed, they give the finest stain on earth,
Which cannot be removed by any soap,
Nor rivalled by the witcheries of Perth.

Ah! if you doubt that modest-looking fruit
Conceals within its heart the sunset glow,
Array thee in a flannel boating-suit,
Sit on some ripe ones—and thou, too, shalt know.

[H. M. G., London.]

S'welp me—strawb'ry,
But yer are the
Best o' English fruit,
Bloomin' luscious,
Also pruscious,
Stoling garding loot.

Not me! Take cream!
Yer make me dream
O' Sal's rosy cheeks,
Red, delicious,
When she's vicious
'Cos I kisses seeks.

Yer more pretty red nor roses,
And yer taste more sweet
When yer stoling—(Lor! Sal blushes)
Yer and them's a treat.

[H. W. D. O., London.]

Twenty-nine other contributions received.

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